STORY HOUR READERS REVISED

BOOK THREE

COE AND CHRISTIE

PETERSBURG SCHOOL
DISTRICT NO. 23

EH

1-69

101

STORY HOUR READERS REVISED

BOOK THREE

BY

IDA COE, Pd.M.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL, PUBLIC SCHOOLS
CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

ALICE CHRISTIE DILLON

PRIMARY TEACHER, PUBLIC SCHOOLS
CITY OF NEW YORK

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
BOSTON ATLANTA

COPYRIGHT, 1914, 1915, 1923, BY
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

All rights reserved

STORY HOUR READERS REVISED
BOOK THREE
W. 2

MADE IN U. S. A.

PREFACE

METHOD. The value of the teaching method employed in the Story Hour Readers has been definitely established during the several years in which these readers have been used in schools. Its application to the teaching of reading under widely varying conditions has demonstrated its practical usefulness and adaptability as well as its theoretical soundness.

During the last few years, the teaching of reading has been exhaustively studied from many angles, and the current trend toward simplification of material in the early grades is very marked. Book Three of the Story Hour Readers Revised is in harmony with these recent tendencies. It attacks the easiest problems first, employs a simple but extensive and practically useful vocabulary, and secures interest through variety of content.

The specific teaching problems of this grade are provided for in the revised Book Three by the introduction into the child's reading of a great number of words which are already part of his speaking vocabulary and by the provision of material especially designed for silent reading.

The child using Book Three is required to apply his phonetic knowledge intelligently; to exercise, in dealing with selections containing much factual material, his power of discriminating the incidents of a story; and to express his conception of incident and character orally or in formal dramatization.

CONTENT. The selections used in the revised Book Three maintain the strong narrative and dramatic

interest that marks this series. The types of story used are already familiar — the myth and folk tale, now given greater wealth of incident and more literary form; the fable, in a more concise and formal guise; the story from history, and the realistic story of everyday child life. Selections especially adapted to silent reading have been included, and the range of subject, incident, and form is exceptionally wide.

Mechanical Features. In this book semi-phrase grouping is a feature of the first four stories only. An important aid in silent reading and in dramatization is the division of the stories into thought groups, marked by blank lines in the text. As in other books of the series, the artistic excellence, clearness of relevant detail, and historical accuracy of the pictures make them especially valuable.

Aids. In order to make the work of the teacher easier in applying the Story Method to the teaching of reading, a Teachers' Manual Revised is prepared to accompany the Story Hour Readers Revised.

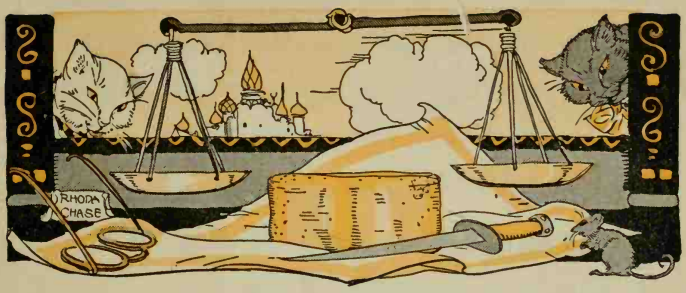
Acknowledgments. Thanks are due to The Century Company for permission to reprint the poem "Dandelion" by Nellie M. Garabrant, from *St. Nicholas Magazine.*

"The Building of the Nest" by Margaret E. Sangster, "Marjorie's Almanac" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and "Hiawatha's Brothers" and "Hiawatha's Sailing" by Henry W. Longfellow, are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of these authors.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Cats and the Cheese	*Æsop*	7
The Lion's Share	*Æsop*	10
The Boy Who Cried Wolf	*Æsop*	14
A Wise Indian	*Fable*	17
Hiawatha's Brothers	*Henry W. Longfellow*	20
The Beaver's Lodge	*Indian Folk Tale*	21
Gray Mole and the Indian	*Indian Folk Tale*	29
Hiawatha's Sailing	*Henry W. Longfellow*	35
Why the Rabbit is White	*Indian Folk Tale*	36
The Land of Story Books	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	41
Hansel and Gretel	*Grimm*	42
Why the Larks Flew Away	*Æsop*	51
The Sleeping Beauty	*Perrault*	56
The Wonderful Pot	*Scandinavian Folk Tale*	68
The First Thanksgiving		78
How Jimmie Earned His Sled	*Margaret J. McElroy*	86
The Golden Thread	*Grimm*	93
The Wind	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	100
The Bag of Winds	*Odyssey*	101
The Wonderful World	*William Brighty Rands*	106
Kira of the Rainbow Country	*Culture Myth*	108
Ten at a Blow	*Grimm*	114
The Frogs' Travels	*Japanese Folk Tale*	124
The Gift of Flax	*Teutonic Folk Tale*	128
Little Brown Hands	*Mary Hannah Krout*	135
The Story of a Little Rebel	*Mary Selden McCobb* (Adapted)	138
The Magic Apples	*Scandinavian Myth*	146
Dandelion	*Nellie M. Garabrant*	152
The Hidden Spring		154
Black Beauty	*Anna Sewell* (Abridged)	159
A Night Ride	*Anna Sewell* (Abridged)	166
Where go the Boats?	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	173
Cinderella	*Perrault*	174
Marjorie's Almanac	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	187
The Brownie and the Cook	*Dinah Maria Mulock Craik* (Abridged)	191
The Cook Changes Her Mind	*Dinah Maria Mulock Craik* (Abridged)	198
The Emperor's New Robe	*Hans Christian Andersen*	204
Beyond the Brook	*Margaret J. McElroy*	214
Aladdin's Lamp	*Arabian Nights*	216
What the Lamp Brought	*Arabian Nights*	225
How Aladdin Lost His Lamp	*Arabian Nights*	231
The Building of the Nest	*Margaret E. Sangster*	238

RHODA
CHASE



THE CATS AND THE CHEESE

There were once two cats who were very fond of cheese. Each had a little money, but neither had very much.

"Let us put our money together and get a whole cheese," said one. "Then we can divide it afterwards."

That suited the other perfectly, and the cheese was bought that very day.

The next question was, who was to divide it. Neither one would quite trust the other. At last they agreed to ask the monkey to cut the cheese into two equal parts.

The monkey came with his scales in one hand and a big knife in the other. He put a large pair of spectacles on his nose and turned the cheese over and over while he looked at it on all sides.

When they saw him do that, both cats were sure that they had done well to ask him to help them.

"My friends," said the monkey, "I shall try to divide this evenly. Then I shall weigh both pieces and be sure that I am right."

"How wise he is!" the cats whispered softly to each other.

Meanwhile the monkey cut the cheese and put the two parts on his scales. One side was heavier than the other.

"That will never do," cried the monkey, and he took a big bite from the larger piece.

Both cats gasped, but they did not quite dare to say anything.

This time the other piece was too heavy

"See, you bit off too much," said one cat.

"Ah, that is easily changed," said the monkey, and again he took a bite.

So he went on, biting from first one side and then the other, until both pieces became very small.

At last the cats could stand it no longer.

"Enough!" they cried. "We are satisfied now. Stop! We are satisfied!"

"But *I* am not," said the monkey, looking sternly over his spectacles. "As I have gone to all this trouble for you, I certainly must be paid.

"For my fee, I shall take these two little bits of cheese - and small enough my fee is, to be sure," he added, as he stuck one piece into his mouth.

With the other piece in his hand, he flapped his tail in the faces of the two cats and jumped through the window.

As for the two cats, they are still quarreling over who was to blame for calling the monkey in to eat the cheese.

THE LION'S SHARE

The fox and the donkey were friends. Once when they needed meat they agreed to go hunting together.

On their way through the forest they stopped at the den of the lion.

"Ho, ho, King Lion!" called the fox. "Friend Donkey and I are going hunting. Will you go with us?"

"Certainly," said the lion. "I am ready for a good dinner."

The three of them made a trap, and set it near the lion's den. Then they quietly hid behind the trees near by.

Soon a wolf came through the forest and was caught in the trap.

The three friends attacked the wolf and killed him.

"Let us have our dinner now. I am very hungry," said the lion.

"Friend Donkey," he added, "you may divide the animal and give each of us his portion."

The donkey divided the wolf into three equal parts.

Then he said to the lion, "Which part will you have, O King?"

The lion looked at the three piles of meat. He saw that they were all the same size. Then he became very angry.

"What do you mean by taking so much for your share?" he roared at the donkey.

"I have divided the wolf into three equal parts," said the donkey. "If you do not like the way I have divided the animal, you need not eat any of the meat."

When he heard this, the lion was furious. "How dare you speak to me so?" he cried.

Springing upon the poor donkey, he killed him instantly.

Then the lion turned to the fox.

"There are only two of us now," said the lion. "Let me see how you will divide the animal."

The fox bowed low before King Lion.

He took only one very small piece of meat for himself.

Then he piled all the rest of the animal in a heap for the lion.

The lion watched greedily to see what the fox would do next.

"This is your share, King Lion," said the fox, and he bowed as he spoke.

The lion was pleased with the way the fox had divided the meat.

"Who taught you how to divide the wolf?" he asked.

Once more the wise fox bowed low before King Lion.

Then he answered humbly, "Friend Donkey taught me how to divide the wolf!"

THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

There once was a boy who spent every day watching his father's sheep. Sometimes the sheep grazed in the valley, but sometimes they wandered up the mountain side.

The boy was very lonely and often wished for some one to play with.

One day as he sat with his sheep on the mountain, he saw some men at work in the fields below.

"What fun if I could bring them up here!" he thought.

Quick as a wink, he put both his hands to his mouth and cried, "Wolf!" as loud as he could shout.

Then he hopped back and laughed to see the men throw down their hayrakes and scramble up the mountain to help him.

This was such fun that the next day he tried the same trick again. The men, however, were very angry.

The third day, as he was planning to call once more, he heard a noise behind him.

The sheep were running in all directions, and there, among them, was a big gray wolf. Now there was need for help.

"Wolf! Wolf!" he shouted. Then he ran down the mountain to get the men. Not one of them would come.

"Oh, no!" they said. "We cannot leave our work. There was no wolf yesterday, and there is none today."

Nothing the boy could say would make the men come to help him.

By the time he returned to the mountain, the wolf was gone. He brought the frightened sheep together, but many were missing.

Among those which the wolf had taken was the pet lamb that belonged to the boy who cried "Wolf!"

A WISE INDIAN

There was once an old Indian who lived in a little hut near the woods. Not far away was the village of the white men, but the Indian seldom went there.

One day, when one of the white men came home, he missed the bag of dried corn which always hung from the rafters.

"That lazy Indian has taken it!" cried the man. "He never works in the fields, and when I am gone he comes here and takes my corn."

"We will bring the Indian here and learn what he has to say," said the other white men, and they brought the Indian to the cabin.

When the Indian came, he looked all around before entering the hut.

"No," he said, when the angry men asked the question, "I did not take your corn."

"Then who *did* take it?" asked the man.

"I cannot tell you his name, and I have never seen him, but I can tell you something about him," said the Indian.

"Your corn was stolen by an old white man. He himself is short, and with him is a dog with a stumpy tail."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "If you did not see the thief, how can you describe him?"

"I did not need to see him," answered the Indian. "I know that he is old, because his footprints outside the door are much too heavy for a young man.

"I know that he is a white man, because he turned his toes out when he walked. Indians do not walk that way.

"The stool under the rafters shows he was too short to reach the bag from the floor.

"As for the dog, you yourself may see the print of its stumpy tail in the dust."

All the white men looked at one another in surprise. Then they asked the Indian to be their guide. He followed the telltale footprints through the forest, and the men asked many questions. They soon found that the Indian saw things which they could not discover for themselves.

Before long they found the old man, dog, and bag of corn, just as the Indian had foretold. After that the white men went home with new respect for the wisdom which the forest life had given to the red man.

HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets—
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid—
Talked with them whene'er he met them;
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BEAVER'S LODGE

The Great Chief of all the Indians had been wandering through the forest all day. He had searched everywhere, but could not find the home of the beavers.

When night came, he found himself on the shore of a lake. As he was very tired, he sat down on a rock to rest.

"I shall spend the night here," said the Great Chief. "To-morrow I can continue my search. Surely I have not far to go."

Just as he said this, he saw a large beaver coming out of the water. The beaver stood in front of the Indian and looked very stern.

"Who are you?" asked the beaver. "How dare you enter my kingdom and sit down on my rock?"

"I?" said the Indian. "I am the Chief of all the Indians, and I may go where I please. Even you belong to me, for the Great Spirit made me ruler of animals."

"Nonsense!" said the beaver. "I am the king of the beavers, and they obey no one except me. How can you say *you* are our ruler?"

The Indian picked up his bow and arrows.

"See!" he said. "These are the gifts of the Great Spirit. When I draw my bow, all living things are afraid of me and know that I am their master."

When the king of the beavers heard this, he was silent for a time. Then he said slowly, "If the Great Spirit has truly given you these things, you are our master. What do you wish, and why have you come to the land of the beavers?"

"I have come to learn what you can teach me," said the Indian. "During the summer my people sleep under the trees, but when winter comes, they are cold. Teach me to build a shelter from the snow."

"Come," said the king of the beavers. The Indian followed him along the shore.

Emilie Holmes Stephenson

Soon they came to some beaver workmen. These were gnawing wood with their sharp teeth and cutting down little trees.

A little farther on, they came to the beavers' village. Here were many little lodges, and the beavers were building more.

Some gnawed the wood. Others carried the sticks and put them in place. Then they filled the cracks with grass and moss. Other spaces they plastered with mud. No cold wind could blow through those lodges.

"Here is my lodge!" said the king. "Will you enter? You are welcome, Great Chief."

The Indian followed the king through a winding tunnel. At last they came to a large room, where the floor was covered with grass and bark.

"How comfortable this is!" said the Indian as he looked at the dome-shaped roof.

Then he sat down on a mat of grasses and the daughter of the king brought him food.

She brought poplar, birch, and willow bark, and roots of waterlilies.

The Great Chief did not like the taste of any of these. He was very polite, however, and ate a little of everything.

When the meal was over, he turned to the king.

"O King," he said, "I am very lonely. The Great Spirit has given me much, but there is one thing that I lack. Give me your daughter to be my bride."

"Your wish shall be granted," said the king, who was much pleased.

The wedding was held on the next day, and the king of the beavers invited all his friends. There were beavers, minks, otters, and muskrats by the hundred.

Each one brought a present for the bride. Some brought fish in their mouths, but most of them brought sticks and clay.

"What is this they are bringing?" thought the Indian, but he said nothing

After the feast, the animals held a council.

"What shall we do for the Great Chief who has married the daughter of our king?" asked one. "We must give him some present which will cause his children's children to remember us. What shall it be?"

"Let us build him a big, warm lodge like our own," said another.

"Yes, yes!" cried all the animals.

Then they set to work and built the lodge with the sticks and clay they had brought. They worked so hard that it was soon finished.

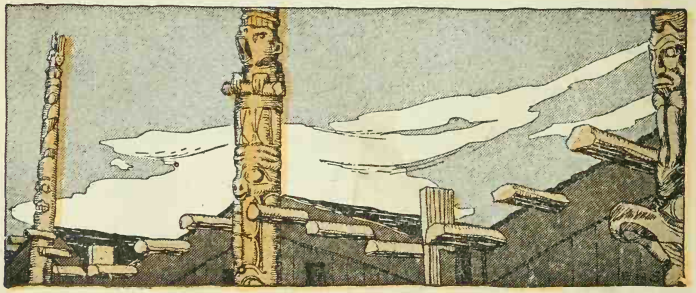
"Come," said the king. "This is the lodge we have built for you, Great Chief. Live here by our beautiful lake and remember that the beavers are your friends."

The Indian Chief and his bride stepped inside their new home, and as they did so, a wonderful thing happened.

The Great Spirit changed the beaver bride into a beautiful maiden, as tall and handsome as the Great Chief himself.

"The king of the beavers has been a good friend," said the Indian. "I shall never forget him, and my children's children shall remember his gift.

"They shall never harm the beaver folk. Around the campfires they shall tell the story of the first Indian lodge, which was a wedding gift from the beavers and their friends."



GRAY MOLE AND THE INDIAN

An Indian was once wandering across the prairie. He had traveled a long distance and was very tired.

At last he came to a brook in a meadow at the foot of a hill.

"I shall rest here till noon," thought the Indian. He sat down upon the shady bank beside the brook.

Presently he heard a little voice beside him: "Take me with you and I will be your friend."

The Indian looked all around, and at last discovered a small gray animal peeping out of the moss.

"Ha, ha, Gray Mole!" laughed the Indian. "Why should I carry you?"

"I am far from home, and my legs are so short that I travel slowly. Take me with you, and when you are in trouble I will help you," begged the mole.

"Very well," said the Indian, as he put the mole in his belt. "You shall travel with me, but first I must rest for a little while."

Then, covering himself with his deerskin robe, he lay down upon the moss. Soon he was fast asleep.

At noon the sun passed overhead. He traveled so close to the earth that his rays scorched and shriveled the deerskin robe.

When the Indian awoke, he found that his robe had been scorched by the sun. He was furiously angry.

"I will punish the sun," he cried.

It was, however, late in the day, and he could not hope to catch the sun before night.

He remembered what the mole had promised.

"What shall I do now, little Gray Mole?" asked the Indian. "The sun has scorched my robe. How can I catch him and punish him?"

"That is easy," said the mole. "Beyond this hill is the sea, where the sun rises every morning. Go there, and we can make a snare to catch and bind him at daybreak."

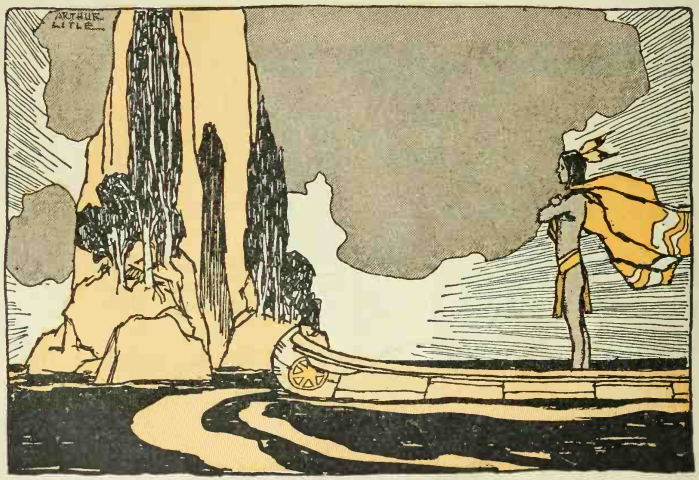
The Indian saw the advice was good, and he hurried away over the hill with Gray Mole still in his belt.

When he came to the edge of the sea, it was nearly evening and the Indian was very tired.

"Lie here, my friend," said Gray Mole. "I shall work while you rest, and to-morrow all will be ready."

All night the mole gathered roots and bound them into a long, strong rope to snare the sun.

At daybreak Gray Mole called to his friend to look toward the sea. In the twilight the Indian saw, close to the shore, a little birch canoe.



With one hand the Indian brought the canoe to shore. Then he stepped into it with the mole and the snare of roots.

Together they floated off to the tiny island behind which the sun rose every day. There the Indian set the snare and caught the sun, just as he peeped out of the water.

For seven days the world was dark. Then people suffered from hunger and thirst.

"What have I done?" cried the Indian. "All my people are suffering because I snared the sun. Alas! Who can unfasten the rope and free the sun to save my people?"

For a long time no one could be found who would dare to do this. At last the little mole offered to do it.

"I made the rope and set the snare," he said, "and I must set the sun free once more."

The little mole crept to the snare and nibbled until the rope gave way.

Then the sun burst forth. In his anger he blazed a path across the sky.

The mole was scorched and blinded by the sun and groped his way back to the Indian.

"Little brother," said the Indian, "you shall always live with me, because you have saved my people from the cold.

"It is better for me to make a new robe than to try to rule the sun. Come, let us go home."

As for the sun, he too had learned his lesson. Never again did he come close to earth, where he might be caught in a snare.

From that day to this he has traveled daily in the high, bright path which he himself burned across the sky.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest life was in it—
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WHY THE RABBIT IS WHITE

It had been a very dry summer. For months there had been no rain at all, and the grass had grown stiff and brown. The small streams were all dry.

The animals, finding neither water nor green grass, moved on and on until they came to the mountains. At last the Indians on the plains had nothing to eat.

"I must go far out and search for a hunting ground," said the Chief, "or my people will die."

He carried his canoe to the river and paddled up the stream for many days and nights. Along the banks he watched to see if any animals came there to drink. There was not even a squirrel.

At last he found the marks of deer upon the bank. Here the Chief left his canoe and followed the trail into the hills until he found the deer themselves.

He shot one to carry back with him and marked the place so that he could return with the other members of his tribe. With the deer on his shoulder he started back to the river for his homeward journey.

By this time snow had fallen and everything was white. The Chief lost his way and was unable to find either river or canoe.

Just as he was about to give up hope, he saw a rabbit peering at him from behind a maple tree.

ARTHUR
LITLE

"Oh, my little brother!" cried the Indian. "How glad I am to see you! I cannot find the river where I left my canoe."

"Let me lead the way," said the rabbit. "You can see my dark fur against the snow."

The Indian agreed, and in this way they finally reached the river.

"You have saved my life, little brother," said the Chief. "Hereafter, when the days grow cold, your fur shall be white. Then no one can see you against the snow, and you will be safe."

Down the stream went the Indian till he came to the plains, where the people waited for him. Then he took his tribe back to the hills, where they could find the food they needed.

Never again did the little rabbit lead anyone in this way over the snow. When the winter days came, his fur was white, and even the eyes of an Indian could not see where he was hiding.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now with my little gun I crawl,
All in the dark, along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

* * * * * * *

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story Books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HANSEL AND GRETEL

In a little cottage at the edge of a forest lived Peter, a broom maker, and his wife, Gertrude. They had two children, Hansel and Gretel.

One day Peter and Gertrude both went away and left Hansel and Gretel at home alone. The boy was busily mending brooms, and the girl was knitting stockings.

For a time they worked steadily, but at last they grew tired of their hard work. They dropped the brooms and stockings and began to dance. Around the room they went, hopping over the stools which were in the way

While the children were playing, the door suddenly opened, and Gertrude walked into the room. She looked at the stocking on the floor, and then at the unfinished brooms.

For a moment she did not speak, but the children saw that she was very angry.

"You lazy children!" she exclaimed. "Why have you not finished your work?"

She picked up a broom to punish Hansel, but he was too quick for her.

The boy ran nimbly round the room, and his mother ran after him. In doing so, she upset a jug of milk. There was no other food in the house.

"Oh, mother!" cried Gretel. "You have spilled the milk. We shall have nothing to eat for supper."

"Go into the woods and fill this basket with strawberries," commanded the mother. "Hansel, help your sister pick the berries, and hurry back, both of you. We shall have berries for supper."

Towards evening the father returned.

"Ho, ho, good wife!" called Peter. "I have sold all my brooms to-day. Now for a good supper. See here — bread and butter, some potatoes, ham and eggs. But where are the children?"

"They have gone to the woods to gather strawberries," replied Gertrude.

"It is growing dark. They should have been here long ago," said Peter anxiously.

Gertrude began to prepare supper. Her husband went to the door of the cottage and looked out.

"Alas, my children!" cried Peter. "I fear that the Witch of the Forest may find them. Then we shall never see them again!"

Meanwhile Hansel and Gretel had filled the basket with strawberries. Then they sat down under a fir tree to rest.

"Here is a fine strawberry! Taste it," said Gretel.

She put a berry in Hansel's mouth and took one for herself.

"That is very good. Give me another," said Hansel.

The children tasted one strawberry after another, until all were gone. Then they realized what they had done.

"Oh, Hansel! We have eaten all of the strawberries," cried Gretel. "We must fill the basket again."

The children began to hunt for more berries, but it was now growing dark, and they could find none. To make matters worse, they had lost their way.

Gretel began to cry, but Hansel tried to be very brave.

"I will take care of you, sister," said he.

At last the two children cuddled down close together under the tree, and soon they were fast asleep.

When daylight wakened them, they sat up and rubbed their eyes.

"Where are we?" cried Gretel.

Hansel did not answer, for he was busy looking at a little house he had found.

It was the queerest little house you ever saw. The roof was chocolate, and the windows were sugarplums. All around it was a wall of gingerbread.

The two children tiptoed nearer and broke off a bit of the gingerbread. It was good.

Then they went inside the wall and nibbled a bit of the low chocolate roof.

Suddenly the door of the house flew open. An old witch came out. On her head she wore a pointed hat, and in her hand she carried a stick.

It was the Witch of the Forest.

"Oh, ho!" cried the witch. "You dear children, who led you here? Come in, and I will give you candies, cakes, apples, and nuts — all that you wish to eat!"

Hansel and Gretel were frightened. They tried to run away, but the old witch waved her stick above her head. That cast a spell over the children, and they could not move.

Then the witch put Hansel in a cage. She brought from the cottage a basket of sugarplums, candies, and nuts. She gave him the sweets to eat.

"You will soon be fat enough to cook," she muttered. "I will bake the girl first."

Grasping the little girl's arm, she shook her roughly, saying, "Go into the house and set the table while I build a fire."

The old witch gathered some wood and made a roaring fire. When the oven was hot, she called Gretel from the house.

"Open the oven door," she said. "Then creep inside and see if the oven is hot enough to bake bread."

The little girl knew that the old witch intended to shut her into the oven.

"I can't," said Gretel. "The door is too small."

"Silly child," cried the witch. "The door is wide enough. Why, even I could pass through."

As she spoke, she popped her head into the oven.

Gretel sprang toward her and shut the oven door. That was the end of the old witch.

Then Gretel ran and unfastened the door of the cage so that Hansel could come out.

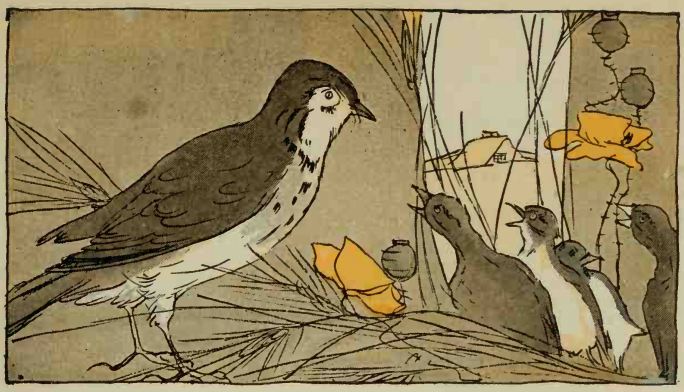
While the children stood there together, Peter and Gertrude came running out of the forest. The father and mother clasped the children in their arms.

Suddenly there was a great noise. The oven burst. Then oven, and cage, and candy house disappeared. In their place stood a little log cabin in the middle of a garden.

Peter and his family went in and looked around. Everything was ready for them, even Gertrude's apron and Gretel's knitting.

"It must be for us," said Peter. "We shall live here now."

Gertrude agreed, and they all lived there together for many happy years.



WHY THE LARKS FLEW AWAY

A family of four young larks once lived with their mother in a nest in a wheat field. At first the nest was very safe, for it stood on the soft ground and was hidden by the wheat.

When the wheat began to ripen, the mother lark watched carefully for any sign of the reapers' coming. She feared that the sharp knives would cut the nest and injure the young larks.

One morning she had to leave the nest to find some breakfast for her little ones.

"Be good children and stay in the nest," she said. "If the farmer and his son pass through the field, listen very carefully to what they say."

"Yes, mother," cried the four baby larks.

Then the mother flew away. In a few minutes the little larks heard the farmer and his son passing along the narrow path near the nest.

"This wheat is ripe enough to cut," said the farmer. "John, go down the road to Neighbor Smith's farmhouse and ask him if he will come to-morrow to help us reap the grain."

When the mother lark came home, she brought some fat worms for breakfast. She found her babies chirping excitedly.

"Mother, mother!" they cried. "The men are coming to cut the wheat. We must move away to-night."

"What did the farmer say?" asked the mother lark.

"The farmer told his son to go over to Neighbor Smith's house and ask him to help cut the grain."

"My dear children, as yet we have nothing to fear," laughed the mother.

When the baby larks had eaten their breakfast, the mother lark showed them how to exercise their wings.

The next morning, before leaving, the mother lark said once more, "Stay in the nest, and if the farmer passes through the field, listen to what he says."

"Yes, mother," cried the little larks.

Away flew the mother, and again the farmer and his son passed through the fields.

"Did you ask Neighbor Smith to help us cut the grain?" inquired the farmer.

"Yes, father," replied the son, "and I expect him here this morning."

"The wheat is ripe, and it should be cut without delay," replied the farmer. "Mount your horse and ride to your cousins' house. Ask them if they will help us."

This frightened the baby larks, and when they saw their mother coming, they began to chirp more loudly than ever.

"What is the trouble?" called the mother, as she hastened toward the nest.

"We must surely go away to-day," cried the young larks. "The farmer's son has gone to bring his cousins to cut the wheat. We shall be killed if we stay here."

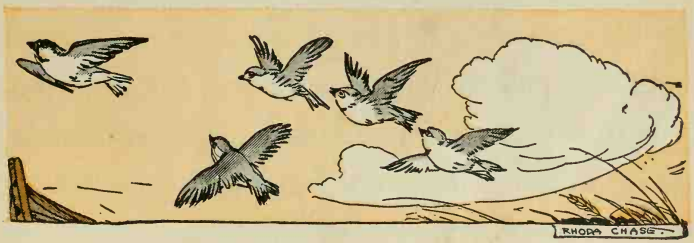
Again the mother laughed. "If the farmer waits for his cousins to help him, the wheat will not be cut to-day."

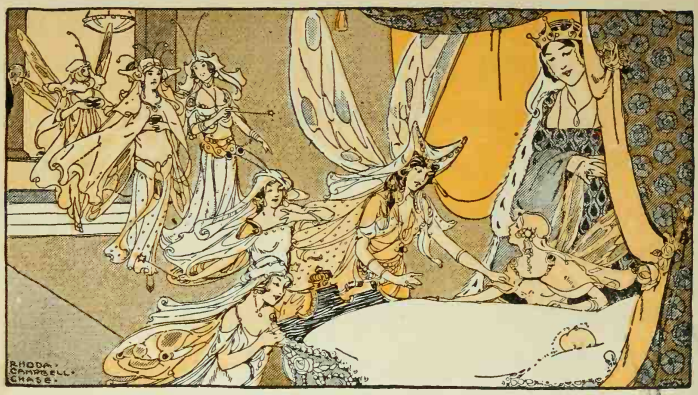
The third morning, the mother left the nest to search for food. At noon the farmer and his son came into the field.

"See how late it is," said the farmer, "and not a man has come to help us. I see we must do the work ourselves. Let us go home and get everything ready. To-morrow, before the sun is up, we shall begin to reap."

Soon after the farmer had gone, the mother lark came flying over the wheat field. The little larks told her all that they had heard.

"Now, indeed, it is time for us to be off," she said. "Shake your wings and get ready to fly. When a man makes up his mind to do his own work, it is sure to be done at once."





THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

In the long, long ago, there lived a king and queen who for many years had no children.

At last a little princess was born, and there was great rejoicing over all the land.

"We must hold a great feast," said the king, "and invite our good friends, the fairies. Each one of them will give something to our little princess."

In the palace there was a great hurry and stir to make ready. Messengers were sent far and near to invite the guests. Places were prepared for seven fairies.

When all was ready, the guests arrived. They went at once to the room where the tiny baby lay asleep in her cradle.

"How beautiful she is!" cried the fairies. They circled around the cradle and each paused to make her gift to the little princess.

"I give you health and happiness," said the first fairy.

"You shall be the most beautiful princess in the world," said the second.

"You shall be witty and wise," said the third.

"You shall have the sweetest voice that ever was heard," said the fourth.

"You shall be generous and kind," said the fifth.

"Everyone shall love you," said the sixth fairy.

Just then a spiteful little laugh was heard. In through the keyhole came another fairy, who had not been invited at all.

RHODA· CAMPBELL ·CHASE.

She was so old that very few people knew where she lived, and the king had forgotten all about her. She pressed her way up to the edge of the cradle and shook her stick above the sleeping child.

"Before you are fifteen, you shall prick your finger with a spindle and shall die. Much good your beauty will do you then!" she cried.

She laughed once more and flew away through the keyhole.

All who heard her were troubled by her words, and the queen began to cry. Just then the seventh fairy stepped forward.

"I have not yet made my gift to the little princess," she said. "I cannot entirely change what our elder sister has said, but I can make it easier.

"The princess shall prick her finger, but she shall not die. She shall sleep for a hundred years, and all who are in the palace shall sleep too."

Years passed, and all that the fairies promised came true. The princess was beautiful and lovely, and her voice was like a silver bell.

"Alas!" said the queen. "I fear the rest will be true also, and she will prick her finger as the fairy told us."

"I shall prevent that," said the king.

He sent messengers far and near to destroy every spindle in the kingdom. No spindles were to be used until after the princess was fifteen years old. These were the king's orders. It is not easy, however, to outwit a fairy.

One day, when the princess was nearly fifteen years old, she wandered alone through the palace. At last she came to some winding stairs. Up she went and found herself in a little room at the top of a tower.

There sat an old woman spinning. She was so old and deaf that she had never heard the king's orders to destroy her spindle.

The princess, of course, had never seen anyone spin before.

"Oh, what are you doing?" she cried. "Let me see if I can make the wheel go round."

The old woman could not hear what the girl said, but she put her spindle into the hand of the princess. As it touched her hand, a drop of blood fell from the girl's finger.

"Oh, I have pricked my finger," she cried.

She fell at once into a deep sleep, there on the floor by the spinning wheel.

At the same instant everyone in the palace fell asleep too. The king and queen slept on their throne. The soldiers stopped where they were and leaned against the wall.

With the dogs, the horses, the birds, and even the fire, it was the same. Everything stopped and waited for the end of the hundred years.

Outside the palace there grew up a thicket of thorns. It was so tall that it hid even the tops of the towers and so thick that no one could cut through it.

Those who lived near by saw this thicket.

"Ah," said they, "what the fairy promised has come true."

They told the story to their children, but as the years passed, it was forgotten again.

At last the end of the hundred years drew near.

A young prince riding through the forest found the strange hedge of thorns.

RHODA CHASE

Up he went, and there, beside the spinning wheel, he found the sleeping princess.

She was the most beautiful princess he had ever seen. He looked at her for an instant. Then he stooped and touched her cheek. As he did so, the princess opened her eyes and smiled at him.

The king and queen also woke on their golden throne. The soldiers walked up and down the halls. The fire burned once more in the kitchen, and the cook finished the cake he had begun a hundred years ago.

There was need for hurry in the kitchen then, for the prince and princess were married the very next day.

No guests were invited. There was no time, and besides, how could they come through the thorn hedge?

The seventh fairy took care of that, however. When the wedding bells began to ring, the hedge grew thinner and thinner until anyone could pass through it. The first to enter the castle were the seven good fairies, who came to dance at the wedding feast.

THE WONDERFUL POT

There was once a poor man, who worked very hard all his life. In spite of this fact he never was able to save anything.

At last, when he became old, he found that he had no more money.

"We must sell our cow," he said to his wife one evening.

"Yes," said the wife, "that is the only thing to do. Take her to market to-morrow, but be sure you get a good price for her. Such a fine cow ought to bring at least twenty gold crowns."

At daybreak the husband set out for market, leading the cow by a long rope. The first person he met was a queer little man who carried a three-legged pot on his arm.

"Where are you going so early?" asked the queer little man.

"I am going to market to sell my cow, said the poor man.

"How much do you want for her?"

"Twenty gold crowns."

"I will not give twenty gold crowns for her, but I will give you this iron pot."

"What? That good-for-nothing old pot!" cried the poor man.

Just then the pot itself spoke. "Take me!" it muttered.

The poor man was so surprised to hear the iron pot speak that he agreed to take it. He gave his cow to the little man and hurried home to his wife.

When he came in sight of the house, he suddenly remembered what his wife had said: "*At least* twenty gold crowns."

"Hum!" said the poor man. "I think I'll leave the pot in the stable."

He went around the back way and tied the pot to the stall where the cow had been.

"Well?" asked his wife as he entered the house. "Did you make a good bargain?"

"Come and see," said the husband, but he did not feel so happy as he sounded.

Together they went to the stable, but when the good woman saw only the old pot hanging in the stall, she was furious. For once she was too angry to speak.

The pot did the talking, however.

"Scour me!" it cried. "Scour me and hang me over the fire!"

Speechless with surprise, the old woman did as she was told. No sooner was the pot hung in its place than it hopped nimbly down and began to trot toward the door.

"I skip, I skip!" it cried.

Then the old woman found her tongue.

"Where do you skip, little Three Legs?" she asked.

"I skip to the house of the very rich man," answered the pot.

Down the road it went, hoppity-skip, until it came to the house of the very rich man.

The cook in this house was in great trouble. She had made a big plum pudding and found that it was too large to go into any of her pudding pots. Just then, she discovered the iron pot rolling over the floor.

"Wherever did *you* come from?" cried the cook. "You are just what I need."

Into the pot she stuffed the whole pudding, when suddenly, "I skip! I skip!" cried the pot. Out of the kitchen it hopped, and left the cook too surprised to follow it or to ask where it was going.

The poor man and his wife were at their window when the pot came skipping down the road. Into the house it came, and hopped up over the fire so that the big pudding could cook itself for dinner.

"That was not such a bad bargain after all," said the old woman as she peered into the pot and saw what was there.

RHODA CHASE

The next morning she scoured the pot once more and hung it over the fire.

"I skip, I skip!" cried the pot.

"Where do you skip, little Three Legs?"

"I skip to the barn of the very rich man."

Now this was just the time of harvest, and the men were filling bags with grain. There was so much that they did not know what to do with it.

Suddenly one of them discovered the big iron pot by the barn door.

"Here, fill this!" he cried.

Fill it they did, but it was wonderful how much grain that pot would hold. Over half the harvest went into it.

Then, without warning, it cried out, "I skip, I skip!" and raced down the road. Not one of the men had breath to chase it or to ask where it was going.

"Ah," said the poor man that night, "that was indeed a *very* good bargain! We have grain to last for three years."

The next day the pot was hung for the third time over the fire.

"I skip, I skip!" it cried, and this time it skipped into the very room where the rich man was counting his money.

This man was not only very rich but very stingy, and he always kept his money hid away where it would help no one.

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed, when he saw the pot. "Now here is the very thing to hold my moneybags."

He packed them all neatly into the pot, and as soon as he finished, lo, and behold! the pot skipped away with every cent of it

The poor man did not know where all this money had come from. He only knew that the pot had given him enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his life.

"You need never skip again, little Three Legs!" he said.

No sooner had he taken out the money, however, than the pot cried out once more, "I skip, I skip!" This time it would not tell where it was going.

Up the same road it went again. The cook saw it coming and ran to tell her master.

"Master, master!" she screamed, and rushed into his room without knocking. "Here comes the old pot that ran away with the pudding."

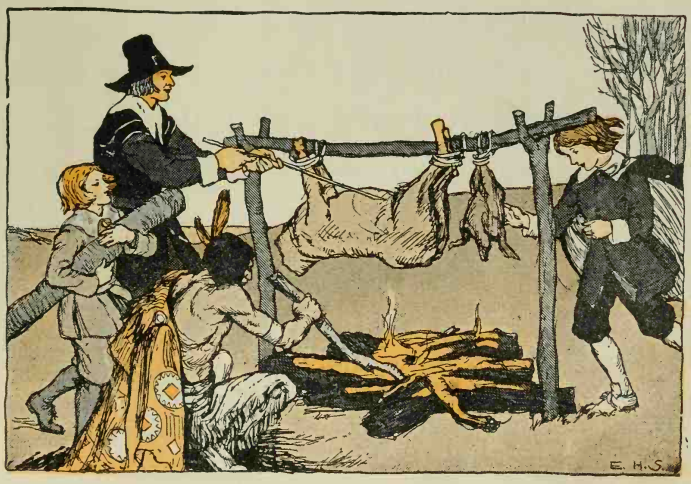
"That ran away with the grain," shouted the farmers.

"That ran away with my money," cried the rich man. He dashed out of the house and raced down the road to meet it.

"I skip, I skip!" squealed the pot when it saw him coming.

For this reason, the Governor set aside a day for Thanksgiving. On this day no one was to do any work. All were to join in games and feasting and in giving thanks for the harvest. The Indians who had been helpful were also invited to the feast.

Everyone helped with the preparation. The children gathered nuts and cranberries. The men brought ducks, turkeys, clams, lobsters, and fish, and built great fires out of doors, where the meats were roasted whole.



The women were the busiest of all. They had to make the corn puddings, sweetened with maple sugar. They also made bread of cornmeal and pumpkins. Besides, there were cranberries to cook and meat to prepare.

The Indians also brought meat — five whole deer, which were roasted with the turkeys and ducks.

When all was ready, the tables were spread out of doors. They were not like our tables, but were simply heavy logs set on end, with boards laid across the top.

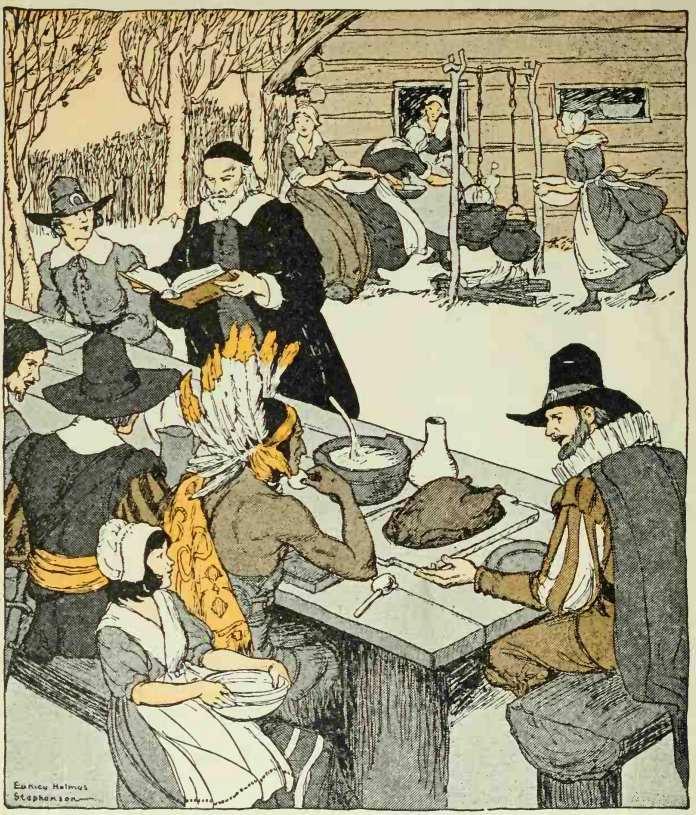
The people did not think them strange, for in their own homes they had no better.

The dishes would look strange to our eyes. Some of them were heavy wooden ones. Others were made from dry gourds with the seeds removed.

Most of the cups, bottles, and small bowls were made in this way. For the larger bowls a pumpkin shell was often used.

Some of the people had pewter spoons, but these were really too fine to use very often. When the Puritans first landed, some of the children had found smooth little white shells on the shore. These were cleaned, and when wooden handles were fastened to them, they made very good spoons.

Knives, of course, everyone had, but only one man in the colony had a fork. The other Puritans considered them unnecessary.



Only the men sat down at the tables with their Indian guests. The women came and went, bringing more food as it was needed and looking after the children.

These last had a table of their own at the side, where they were served after the others. Even then they did not sit, but stood quietly in their places while they ate.

When, at last, the meal was over, Elder Brewster returned thanks for the great harvest and for the help the Indians had given.

Then there were games and sports. Some of the younger men ran races. Others, who liked something more exciting, went on a great wolf hunt. The boys watched the sports or played ball.

This was the first amusement that had been offered since the day they landed. You can imagine how they enjoyed it. Even the Indians were so happy that when night came they were not ready to go home.

For three days they remained there, and during all this time there was feasting. It was the first holiday in the new land, and everyone made the most of it.

HOW JIMMIE EARNED HIS SLED

The sun was shining brightly when Jimmie woke, and he jumped out of bed in a hurry There was no time to be lost. It was the nutting season, and the other boys would be ahead of him.

If he could sell enough nuts, he would buy a new sled before winter.

He ate his breakfast as rapidly as possible, and even refused a second plate of griddle cakes.

"Is the boy sick?" asked his mother.

"No," laughed Jimmie's father. "He is going for walnuts. His old sled is broken, and he will buy a new one if he can sell enough walnuts."

Meanwhile Jimmie was already on his way to the woods. He had six large sugar sacks upon his shoulders, and he was perfectly sure that he would bring all of them home full of walnuts.

When he reached the grove, he felt less certain. The trees were full of boys, and others were on the ground, filling their own baskets and sacks.

"These are our trees!" they cried. "You can't fill your sacks here."

The boys were larger than Jimmie, and he knew they meant what they said. Still he could not bear to go home with all those empty sugar sacks.

He searched the grass at the edge of the grove and picked up stray walnuts and butternuts which had been missed.

Then he wandered off to some low hazel brush and gathered sticky clusters of hazel nuts to fill one sack. With that he had to be content.

He went home the back way and slipped quietly up to the haymow. In a dark corner, where his father seldom went, he emptied his sack and scattered the contents on the floor What a small heap it was!

From the window of the barn he watched the Allen boys drive in next door. Their spring wagon was full of heavy baskets, and the boys were shouting with glee.

That night at supper Jimmie was very quiet. He counted once more the cost of that royal coaster bobsled and almost gave up hope. He felt sure no one ever wanted to buy hazel nuts. The chances of a new sled seemed very slight indeed.

Jimmie's father watched him that evening, but asked no questions. After Jimmie had gone to bed, his father took a lantern and climbed up to the dusty haymow.

Into every corner he went, until he found the little pile of hazel nuts.

"Poor little chap!" he said. "The big boys were in the grove first, of course, and now the squirrels will come in and get all these. Well — we shall see."

He stirred the nuts with the toe of his shoe and whistled softly under his breath. Then he smiled, and left the haymow.

It was two or three weeks later that Jimmie heard Bud Allen telling his troubles to a group of boys on the school grounds.

"Yes, sir," said Bud. "That's what! Not half a bushel left, and we brought home a wagon load. *Gone,* I tell you. The squirrels did it.

"We saw them running around, but didn't suppose they had our walnuts. Then we watched, and that is where they came from — out of the barn window, and over the roof, and down the tree."

Jimmie hurried home as fast as his legs could carry him. Out to the barn he went, and scrambled up the steep steps that led to the hayloft.

It was darker than usual. Some one had nailed boards over all the openings. Not even a crack was left uncovered.

Jimmie had to pry a door open in order to see at all.

There lay the hazel nuts, but with them were heaps and heaps of walnuts, bigger even than those Bud Allen had gathered.

Jimmie thought it over very carefully up in the haymow. Then he went back to the house to get ready for supper.

"Father," he said at the table that night, "the squirrels took all the nuts Bud gathered, but they didn't go into our barn. My hazel nuts are all there, and more are with them — big walnuts."

"Walnuts?" asked his father.

"Yes, *walnuts*," said Jimmie. "I can't see where they came from, either."

"Maybe the squirrels brought them."

"They couldn't," said Jimmie. "They couldn't get into the barn. Every crack has a board on it. Besides, these are not our kind of walnuts. They are like the ones up at grandfather's farm."

Jimmie's father coughed.

"Eat your supper, son," he said hastily. "We must take a look at those walnuts to-morrow."

"But they are mine now, father? I can sell them and buy a coaster bob, can't I? Is that all right?"

"Certainly," said Jimmie's father, and that settled it.

The prince went first to the rich maiden's house. The girl was dressed in her very best and walked out to meet him. He paused for a moment and then bade her good-by and rode away.

When he reached the cottage, Sylvia was busy at the spinning wheel. She saw him peeping through the window, and she blushed as red as a rose.

Then she looked down again and kept turning her wheel round and round. I do not say that the thread was even, but Sylvia did not stop spinning until the prince had ridden away.

Then she began to sing a little song that her godmother had taught her:

"Spindle, spindle, speed away;
Bring my lover here to-day!"

Behold! The spindle jumped from her hand and darted out of the door. It danced merrily down the road dragging a long golden thread after it.

On and on it danced along the road until it reached the prince.

"The spindle points the way!" exclaimed the king's son. Turning his horse he rode back, guided by the golden thread.

Meanwhile Sylvia, having no spindle, took the shuttle in her hand and began to weave as fast as she could.

As she sat at her loom, she sang:

"Shuttle, weave a carpet fine;
Show the way to lover mine!"

The shuttle bounded away and began to weave a carpet. Down the path it ran and out into the road.

Since Sylvia now had neither spindle nor shuttle, she took her needle.

As she sewed, she sang:

"Needle, needle, stitch away;
Make the house both bright and gay!"

Instantly the needle flew out of her fingers and jumped here and there about the room. There must have been magic in it. In a few minutes a new cloth was on the table, the chairs were covered with velvet, and the walls were hung with silken curtains.

As the needle set the very last stitch, Sylvia glanced through the window and saw the plume on the prince's hat. The golden thread had guided him to the very door.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

At the gate the prince dismounted and walked over the carpet into the cottage. There stood Sylvia waiting for him.

"You are the poorest and yet the richest maiden in the world," said the king's son. "You shall be my bride."

He seated Sylvia behind him on the horse, and together they rode to the king's palace. There they were married and lived happily for many years.

The spindle, the shuttle, and the needle were all carefully guarded as fairy gifts. The king's son, however, always kept as his greatest treasure the *golden thread* which had led him to his lovely bride.

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you, yourself, you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE BAG OF WINDS

Long ago the Winds all lived together on an island in the middle of the sea.

Eolus was their ruler and kept them shut up in the caves of this island. Sometimes he let them go free for a romp or to do an errand, but usually only one went out at a time.

One day a ship stopped near the island and the captain and sailors went ashore. Eolus treated his visitors very kindly and gave them food and a chance to rest.

While the others were resting on the shore, Eolus and the captain talked together. When the captain learned that he was on the Island of the Winds, he was very happy. He decided to ask a favor of Eolus.

"O Eolus," he said, "we have had a troubled journey! Bid West Wind fill our sails that we may reach home safely."

When Eolus heard that, he was sorry for the poor sailors and promised to help them. He called the East Wind, the South Wind, and even the noisy North Wind, and put all of them in a leather bag.

Then he tied the bag with a silver string and gave it to the captain.

"Tie this bag to the mast of your ship," he said. "Do not open it if you wish for a safe voyage."

The captain thanked Eolus and tied the bag as he had been commanded. Then he and his men set sail for home.

As they did so, Eolus called the gentle West Wind and bade him blow steadily.

Day after day the ship sailed swiftly over smooth waters, and each night found them nearer home. The sailors sometimes slept, but the captain always stayed awake to guard the precious bag.

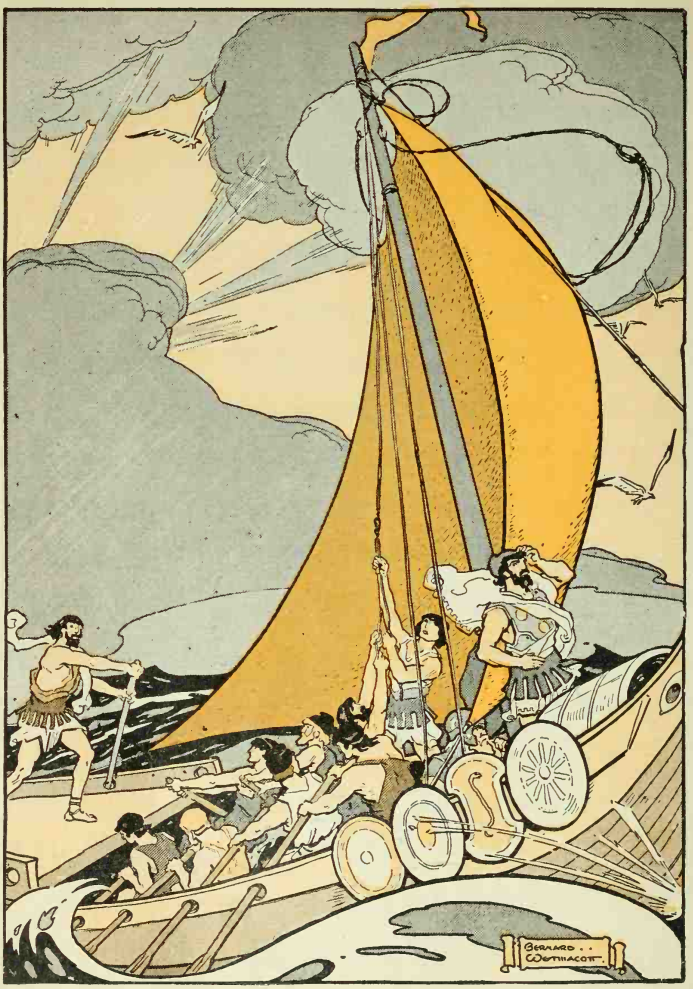
At last, on the evening of the ninth day, they saw the shores of their own land. Tired with long watching, the captain fell asleep.

Then the sailors began to whisper softly to each other.

"What can be in the bag?" said one.

"It is tied with a silver cord. I am sure that it is full of gold," said another. "He has no right to keep it for himself."

At last they stole the bag and untied the silver string.


BERNARD
WESTMACOTT

Out rushed the angry Winds. They raged and they roared. A storm rose, and the ship was driven far from home. West Wind could no longer help them.

At last they found themselves once more near the Island of the Winds.

"Why have you returned?" asked Eolus in surprise.

"The sailors untied the string and set the other Winds free. Will you not help us once more?" asked the captain.

"Depart!" cried Eolus angrily. "I have served you once, but this time you must make your own way back home."

Sadly they sailed away, and for many days and nights they toiled, before they came once more in sight of their own land.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree—
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
My mother kissed me, and said, quite gay:

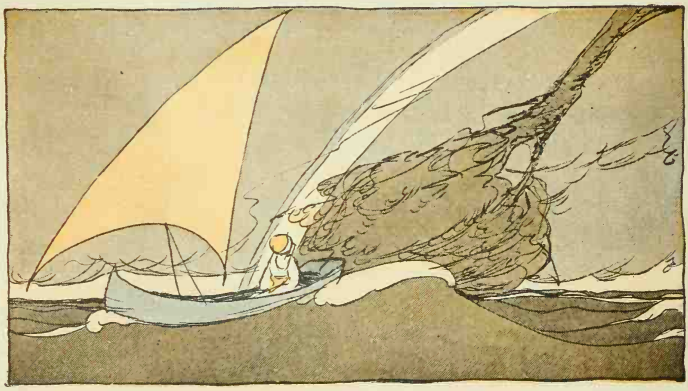
"If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother, too,
You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

KIRA OF THE RAINBOW COUNTRY

Many, many years ago, the people of Borneo had only fish, meat, fruit, and vegetables to eat. No rice grew anywhere on the island, but after all the people did not miss it. They did not know that there was such a thing.

In a village near the coast lived a young man named Jura. One day, when he was sailing in his boat, there came a sudden shower. The sun was shining during the rain, and after it was over, there was a rainbow. At the end of the rainbow Jura saw a very curious kind of tree.



The tree grew upside down with its branches in the water and its roots above the rainbow.

Jura climbed into the branches and up the tree trunk. At last he forced his way through the thick roots at the very top and found himself in a strange and wonderful country.

Grass, flowers, and even the trees, were of all the colors of the rainbow.

While Jura was staring in amazement at all the wonderful things about him, a young man dressed in white approached him.

"Welcome to the Rainbow Country," said the stranger. "My name is Kira, and I shall be very glad to show you the wonders of this beautiful land."

Jura was pleased to meet such a welcome and gladly followed Kira to his house. There he found a feast prepared for him.

One of the dishes was a great bowl filled with fluffy, white grains.

"Eat, friend, and be happy," said Kira.

Jura hesitated, for he had seen nothing of the kind before.

"Eat," said Kira. "It is the rice. Do you not know it?"

Jura shook his head. "My people have never heard of it," he said.

Then he tasted the little grains and found that he liked them very much. He asked so many questions about them that his friend promised to show him everything next day.

Together they walked in the blue fields of the sky, in and out between the white clouds. Everywhere they found the ripening rice.

There was much to tell his father about his wonderful visit. Best of all, he carried the precious rice seeds with him.

The father and son planted, watered, and gathered the rice as Jura had seen it done in the Rainbow Country.

Nor was Jura selfish with his gift. To all who came he gave the seed, and the more he gave, the more he had to give.

Soon there were rice fields all over the country. All the people learned to eat the new grain, and now they use it more than any other food. To this very day, whenever they see the ripened grains, they give thanks to Kira for his gift.

TEN AT A BLOW

Once upon a time there was a merry little cobbler who never did anything but mend shoes. There he sat all day long, tap-tapping as if his life depended on it.

One day when the sun was very warm, his wax began to melt. In less time than it takes to tell it, a swarm of flies lighted on the melting wax.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the cobbler. "Who invited *you* to a feast?"

He threw a shoe at the flies, and many of them dropped dead. The cobbler dropped his hammer and ran over to count them.

"Ten!" he cried. "Ten at one blow! People ought to know about that."

He took a girdle and painted this on it:

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Ten at a blow!"

Then he put the girdle around his waist and started out to seek his fortune.

At first he had no adventures, but one day, as he was walking along a narrow forest path, he saw a bear coming toward him. The cobbler was frightened, for there was no way of escape.

The bear growled, but the cobbler only stood still and waited. When the bear was very near, he noticed the words on the girdle.

"Ten at a blow!" the bear said to himself. "Is it possible that this little man can kill *ten bears* at one blow? I must be very careful not to offend him!"

"Where are you going, my friend?" he said to the cobbler.

"To seek my fortune," replied the cobbler.

"Wait and dine with me. I know where there is some choice honey," said the bear, and he led the way to a hollow bee tree.

The cobbler followed fearfully, for he knew the bear was not so friendly as he seemed.

While the poor man was wondering how he could escape, the bear put his paw in the tree. Snap! He was fast in a trap.

After that it was very easy for the cobbler to make an end of the bear.

He quickly stripped off the bearskin and threw it over his arm. Then he walked through the forest and began to climb a hill on the other side.

Before long he discovered a giant sitting on a rock. The giant was grinning from ear to ear and watching the little cobbler climb the hill.

The cobbler was frightened, but he soon remembered what had saved him from the bear. Up to the giant he walked, with the girdle in plain sight.

"Good day, friend," said the cobbler. "Will you not travel with me and see the world? I will take care that nothing hurts you."

The giant was greatly surprised at the boldness of the little stranger. When he saw the words on the girdle, he was even more surprised and quite stopped grinning.

"Ten at a blow!" he said to himself. "Did this little man kill *ten giants* at one blow? I must be cautious."

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

Still he did not quite believe this was possible, and he decided to test the cobbler. He pointed to a great oak tree that had fallen to the ground.

"Will you help me carry this tree to my cave?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the cobbler. "You take the trunk on your shoulder, and I will carry the top and branches. They are really the heavy part."

The giant laid the trunk of the tree on his shoulder, and the cobbler jumped into the branches to enjoy the ride.

The giant did not dream that he was carrying the whole tree and the little man in the bargain. Presently he could bear the weight no longer.

"Hi! Hi! Be careful! I must let the tree fall!" he cried.

When he looked around, the cobbler was holding the branches as if he had carried the tree all the way.

"Ah," said the giant, shaking his head, "you are stronger than I. You are not even out of breath. Come into my cave."

The cobbler followed him inside, and they sat down with the other giants around the fire.

By midnight every giant was sound asleep. Then the cobbler took up one of the giant clubs, hung his bearskin on his arm, and tiptoed out of the cave At sunrise he was far away.

Everyone who saw him wondered at his strength "Ten at a blow! Ten bears and ten giants!" they said. At last the king heard about him.

"Bring this man to me," he commanded.

"You are the very one I wish to have fight for me in time of war," he said to the cobbler, and pointed to the girdle.

"I shall be very glad to fight for you, O King!" said the cobbler.

Not long after this a war broke out. The king promised the hand of his daughter to the man who would drive the enemy out of the kingdom.

The little cobbler commanded the king's army. He rode a white horse and wore the wonderful girdle. On his shoulders was the bearskin, and his only weapon was the giant's heavy club.

When the enemy saw him, they laughed.

"We have nothing to fear from that funny little man," they cried.

Then their commander saw the curious girdle and read the words:

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Ten at a blow."

"What!" thought the leader. "Does this man kill *ten commanders* at one blow?"

He turned his horse and ordered his army to retreat. Helter-skelter they ran, until they were far beyond the boundaries of the kingdom.

The king was very happy when he learned that the cobbler had frightened the enemy away. The princess, however, was not so well pleased when she heard the news.

"Now my father will expect me to marry that ugly little cobbler," she said to herself.

She thought very deeply and at last she remembered the magic girdle.

"Take his girdle away from him," she whispered to her father. "Then we need not be afraid of him."

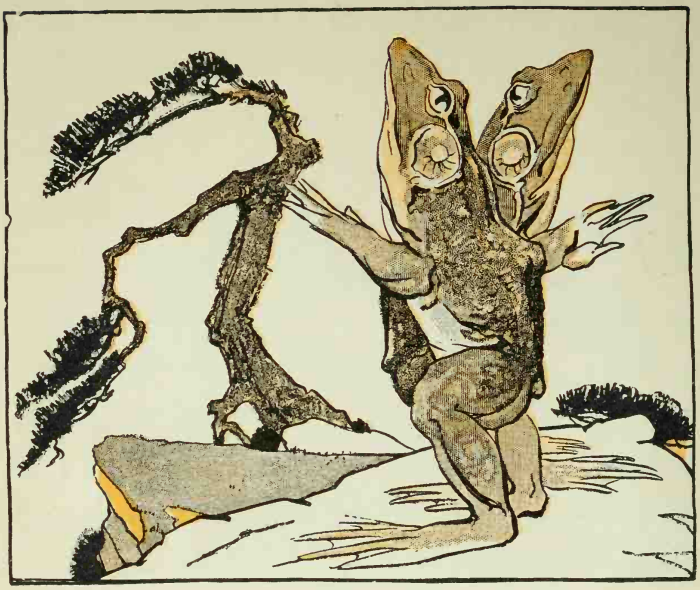
"If I give you my daughter, will you give me your girdle?" asked the king.

The cobbler bowed low and laid his girdle in the king's hand. As he did so, a strange thing happened.

Instead of the ugly little man, there stood a tall, handsome youth to claim the hand of the princess. Then she did not refuse.

Next day a great wedding feast was spread in honor of the marriage. In the place of honor, where everyone could look at it, hung the girdle with the magic words which had brought good fortune to all of them:

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
Ten at a blow."



THE FROGS' TRAVELS

In the country of Japan there were once two frogs who desired to see the world.

One lived in a pond near Tokyo, and the other in a little stream near Kyoto.

"Why should I live always in this pond?" said the Tokyo frog. "I shall start on my travels this very day. First I shall see Kyoto, and then I shall go around the world."

"Dear me," said the Kyoto frog, as he looked back at Kyoto, "Tokyo looks so much like Kyoto that I would think it was the same place."

"Alas!" said the Tokyo frog, with his eyes turned back to Tokyo. "This city looks so exactly like Tokyo that I shall not trouble to go another step. I shall go back and end my days in my own frog pond."

The two frogs bade each other a polite farewell, and each returned to his own home.

"Do not travel, my children," each said that night to his family. "All places are alike — Tokyo and Kyoto are the same — and there is nothing to be seen from the top of a hill when you have climbed it."

THE GIFT OF FLAX

There once was a poor peasant by the name of Hans. He lived with his wife and children at the foot of a great mountain.

Every day Hans drove his sheep to pasture on the mountain side. While they grazed, he sat on the rocks and watched them.

His crossbow was always ready at his side, so that he could protect his sheep if a wolf or bear came upon them.

Sometimes, too, a deer would come that way, and Hans would take deer meat home with him.

One day, as he sat there, a deer appeared, far up the mountain. It was the largest deer Hans had ever seen. He quite forgot his sheep, and he ran up the mountain, hoping to come near enough to use his crossbow.

On and on they went, from rock to rock, until Hans found himself on the very top of the mountain.

Here they raced along over the crest of snow. At last, without warning, the deer disappeared in the entrance to a cave. The place was strange to Hans, but he was unwilling to give up the chase.

Without thinking of danger he followed the deer. He found himself in a long, narrow tunnel. At first it was very dark, but suddenly he caught a glimpse of a bright light in the distance.

He walked on until he reached a large round room hollowed out of the solid rock. It was so brightly lighted that at first Hans had to shut his eyes.

When he could see, he found that he was in a cave. Walls and ceiling were covered with glittering diamonds. On a throne in the center sat the fairy Holda, dressed in white, with a crown on her head.

Hans did not know who she was, but he felt that he ought to kneel. Down on his knees he dropped, with his hat in his hands and his mouth wide open with surprise.

"What do you wish, and why have you come hither?" asked Holda.

Hans could not say a word. He simply looked at her.

"Are you in trouble?" she asked. "Tell me how I can help you. What will you have—gold, silver, or diamonds?"

Hans shook his head. "If it is not asking too much, those bits of blue flowers in your hands," he said.

"You have chosen very well," said Holda. "Take also these little seeds and sow them in your fields."

RHODA CAMPBELL CHASE

Suddenly the cave grew dark. There was a peal of thunder, and then Hans found himself standing alone on the mountain. He would have thought the whole thing a dream but for the blue flowers and the wooden measure of seeds by his side.

He remembered Holda's command and hurried home to plant the seeds. The ground was soon plowed, and he sowed a whole field with the seed.

There was so much left in the measure that he sowed another field and still another. Still the measure was as full as ever.

Weeks passed. Tiny green leaves began to show where the seeds had been planted. The plants grew taller and taller, and the blue flowers appeared.

Day and night Hans watched his fields. Once when the moon was full and the seeds were nearly ripe, he saw the fairies walking up and down between the rows.

At last the seeds were ripe. Then, one day, Holda herself appeared at the cottage door. She tucked up her long white robe and showed Hans how to cut and steep and break the flax she had given him.

When the fibers were ready for the spinning wheel, the fairy sat down in the kitchen with the goodwife and taught her how to spin and to weave. Together they bleached the linen until it was white as snow.

"Remember," said Holda, before she left them, "that the flax is not for you alone. You must share it with all your people."

To all who came and asked for seeds Hans gave freely, and his wife taught the women how to spin and to weave. To no one but Hans did Holda herself come.

In fact, that was the last time that she came even to his cottage. In later years, however, when the seeds were ripening, Hans always watched to see her passing up and down his fields of flax.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree top,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night they are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman —
The noble and wise of the land —
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

MARY HANNAH KROUT.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE REBEL

Long, long ago, when this country of ours was very new, a little girl named Cynthia lived down in South Carolina.

We were fighting the War of Independence at that time, but Cynthia was too small to understand much about that.

She helped her mother in the mornings and learned to sew and knit as all little girls did in those days. After her work was done, she played with the kittens and the chickens in the barnyard.

Best of all she loved the little calf which her father had named Free-and-Equal and had given to her for her very own.

Wherever Cynthia went, the calf followed her. She would have come into the house, but Cynthia's mother said, "Shoo!" every time she tried it.

So the first year passed, and the second. The calf became a full-grown cow, but still Cynthia spent much time in the barnyard playing with her.

Cynthia had grown too, and she understood about the terrible war. First her father and then her brothers had gone away to fight for their country.

At last only Cynthia and her mother were left at home to care for the little farm.

Even the men who worked in the fields had gone to war, and the women had to milk the cows and tend the rice fields.

Cynthia was not afraid, however, even when the British army camped within three miles of the farm. She knew there was a rusty old gun behind the kitchen door, and she felt very safe.

One day she went into the forest to gather sticks of wood. She went farther than she intended and was gone for some time.

When she returned, her mother met her at the door. "Cynthia!" she cried. "They came and drove Free-and-Equal away!"

"Who did it?" gasped Cynthia.

"The British soldiers. They tied a rope around her horns and dragged her to their camp. What *shall* we do? She was our only cow, and we needed the milk."

Cynthia waited to hear no more. She dropped her sticks and darted off down the dusty road. Her yellow sunbonnet fell back on her shoulders, and her brown curls were covered with dust. One mile, two miles, three miles, she trudged along

At last she reached the house of the general of the British army. The sentinels challenged her, but she marched past them without a word.

Into the house, into the very room where Lord Cornwallis and his officers were eating dinner, she walked.

Just inside the doorway Cynthia stopped and dropped a curtsy. Lord Cornwallis glanced up and saw her.

"I am Cynthia Smith," she said gravely. "Your men have taken my cow, and I have come to take her home again, if you please."

"Your cow?" inquired Lord Cornwallis.

"Yes, the soldiers took her away with a rope," said Cynthia.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

"Where do you live?" asked the general.

"Three miles away, with my mother."

"Have you no father?"

"Yes, and three brothers."

"Where are they?"

"They are in the army."

"Are they rebels?"

"Of course," said Cynthia proudly.

"And you are a rebel, too?"

Cynthia nodded with emphasis.

"I have to be," she said.

"And now, how about that cow of yours?"

"Her name is Free-and-Equal," said Cynthia.

"Then you think she would not like to give milk to British soldiers?"

Cynthia shook her head. "She would kick," said the little girl. "She always kicks unless I milk her."

The soldiers laughed until the room echoed. Cynthia stood still and waited, but her face flushed. Perhaps these men were only making fun of her after all.

Then Lord Cornwallis saw the flush.

"Come here, my little maid," he said. "Your cow shall be safe in your barn to-night."

Then he unfastened the pair of silver buckles which he wore at his knees and offered them to Cynthia.

"Perhaps you will accept these buckles as a gift from General Cornwallis, who never wants to hurt a little maid," he said.

Cynthia dropped a curtsy and clasped the shining buckles in her hands. Then she darted out of the room and hurried home.

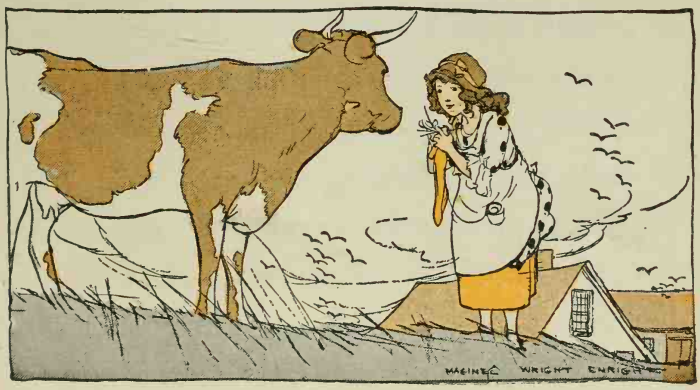
A few hours later the cow herself appeared, led by a red-coated soldier.

"She wouldn't be milked by us," said the soldier with a grin, as he gave the rope to Cynthia.

As for the buckles, they belong now to one of Cynthia's descendants, for there was a real cow and a real Cynthia, just as well as a real Cornwallis.

Adapted from the story by

MARY SELDEN MCCOBB.



THE MAGIC APPLES

Now the gods of Asgard had many treasures, but more precious than all the others were the golden apples guarded by Idun.

Anyone who tasted them became young and beautiful. No matter how many were eaten, the same number remained in the box.

It was no wonder, then, that Idun guarded her apples carefully. She took them with her wherever she went, and she never slept for fear they might be stolen.

The frost giants, who were enemies of the gods, longed for some of these apples, but of course the gods would not give apples to them. Why should they? Who would want a giant to be young and to live forever?

There was one of the gods, however, who was not like the rest. He was a mischief-maker and always brought trouble to Asgard.

"Just wait," said the giants. "Some day we shall catch Loki, the mischief-maker. He will get the golden apples for us."

They waited patiently. At last the time came when one of them caught Loki beyond the walls of Asgard.

"Let me go!" cried Loki.

"No," said the giant. "Not unless you promise to bring me the apples of Idun."

At first Loki would not promise, but the giant dragged him over the ground and bumped him up and down. At last he could stand it no longer.

"I promise! I promise!" cried Loki.

The giant released him at once, and he crawled back to Asgard. He was not very happy, however, and he did not know how he was going to keep his promise.

He knew Idun would not give him apples, for he was too young to need them. He could not steal them from her, for she never slept. He must use a trick of some kind and coax Idun to go outside the walls.

One day as Idun was putting her apples into their box, Loki chanced to pass. He stopped and looked at the magic fruit.

"Those are wonderful apples, Idun," he said. "I never saw but one fruit more wonderful."

"What is that?" Idun asked quickly, for she was sure her apples were the most wonderful fruit in the world.

"It grows on a tree just outside the walls," said Loki. "Come with me, and I will show it to you. Bring your own apples to compare with it."

Idun took her box under her arm and followed Loki out of Asgard. As she stepped outside the walls, a great eagle swooped down upon her. The bird caught her in its talons and flew away. Before she knew it, Idun was in the palace of the frost giant.

At first the gods did not miss her. As the days passed and there were no more apples, they began to grow very old and tired.

"Where is Idun?" they asked. When there was no answer, they turned to Loki, the one who always brought trouble to Asgard.

For once Loki had to tell the truth. Then the gods were very angry.

"We have had enough of your mischief," they cried. "Bring Idun and her apples back to Asgard or we must all die."

Loki changed himself into a falcon and flew straight to the ice palace of the frost giant. Fortunately the giant was away, and Idun was sitting there alone, with the box of apples in her arms.

There was no time to be lost, for the giant would surely be back very soon.

Loki changed Idun and her apples into a nut. Taking her in his claws he flew back to Asgard. He flew as fast as he could, for he was afraid of the giant.

Scarcely had Loki started before the giant came home. He went at once to look for Idun and beg her for an apple. She never yet had given him one, but he asked every day.

When the giant found that Idun was gone, he knew what had happened. He changed himself once more into an eagle and flew off toward Asgard. Far ahead of him, he could see Loki in the shape of a falcon.

The gods were watching eagerly. They held their breath when they saw the eagle chasing the falcon. They were afraid that the falcon would not be able to reach Asgard.

Some of the gods built great fires all around the walls. Then they waited. Just as the eagle was ready to pounce upon him, the falcon made one last effort. He passed through the fire and over the wall.

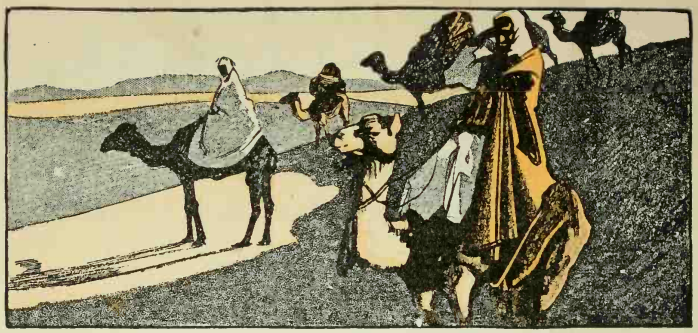
The giant tried to follow, but frost giants cannot pass through fire. Loki, Idun, and the golden apples were all beyond his reach.

DANDELION

There's a dandy little fellow
Who dresses all in yellow—
In yellow with an overcoat of green;
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the springtime, bright and early,
A tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.
Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
Around his yellow feather
The gypsy fireflies camp;
His companions are the woodlark and the toad.

But at last this little fellow
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green;
For he very old is growing,
And with hair all white and flowing,
A nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
The little winds of morning
Come a flying through the grass,
And clap their hands around him in their glee
They shake him without warning—
His wig falls off, alas!
And a little bald-head dandy now is he.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



THE HIDDEN SPRING

There was once a merchant named Abdul, who lived in a small city beside a great desert. He had fine silks and rugs for sale, and men came from far and near to buy from him.

One day he decided to make a change.

"I shall take my silks and rugs across this desert to the great city on the other side," he said to himself. "There I can sell them for a better price."

At once he began to prepare for the journey. The trip had to be made by caravan, for camels were the only animals able to cross the desert with heavy loads.

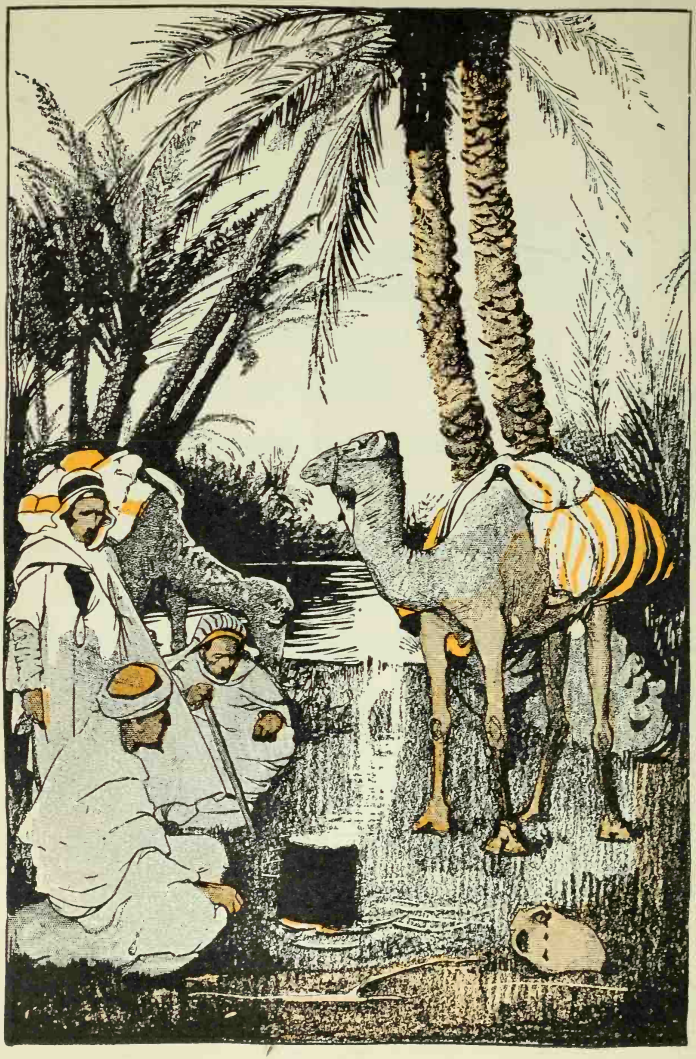
Some of the camels carried the rugs and silks which Abdul hoped to sell. Others carried the tents in which the men would rest by the way. Still others carried supplies of food and water, for of course they could not find water in the desert.

One day all was ready, and at evening the caravan started. Each night they traveled steadily. Every morning they stopped for food, and the men spent the day resting in their tents.

Once their path led them to an oasis, where there were trees and water. There the camels drank from the spring, and the men refilled the water bottles.

At last, after many nights, the guide who had led them told Abdul that their journey was nearly over.

"Throw away most of the water," he said as they started that evening. "To-morrow we shall be in the city."



That night the guide led as usual, watching the stars in order not to lose his way. Sometime during the night he fell asleep. It was nearly daybreak when he woke, and one glance at the stars told him something was wrong.

"Halt!" he cried. "The camels must have turned around while I was asleep. We are at the place where we started yesterday."

The men were in despair when they heard this, for they knew that their water was gone Without water they could not hope to reach the city alive. They lay down upon the sand and moaned.

Abdul alone was brave of heart.

"This is no time to rest," he said. "If we sit here idle, we shall die of thirst."

He walked away from the tent, watching the ground closely. At last he saw a little tuft of grass sticking up out of the sand.

"There must be water under the sand, or grass would not grow here," thought he.

He called the men to help him, and they all began to dig in the sand. They dug a great pit, but soon came to a rock.

"No use!" cried the men and threw down their spades.

Abdul, however, jumped into the hole and laid his ear against the rock. He could hear a faint gurgle.

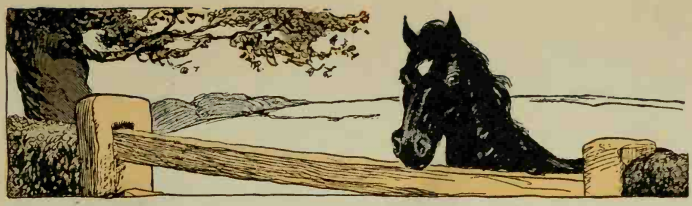
Then he raised his ax and struck a heavy blow. Again and again he struck the rock.

At last it broke, and a stream of clear, cool water spouted up. It filled the hole almost before Abdul could jump out.

With a cry of joy the men stooped to drink. Even the camels smelled the water and came for their share.

Then the men refilled their water bottles and prepared to continue the journey.

When evening came, the caravan set out once more, but behind them they left a pole and flag to mark the spring which they had discovered.



BLACK BEAUTY

The first place that I can well remember was a large, pleasant meadow. There were six young colts in the meadow besides my mother and me. They were much older than I was; some of them were nearly as large as grown-up horses.

My master would not sell me till I was four years old. He said colts ought not to work like horses until they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs. Then I had to walk and trot and gallop for him.

He seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well."

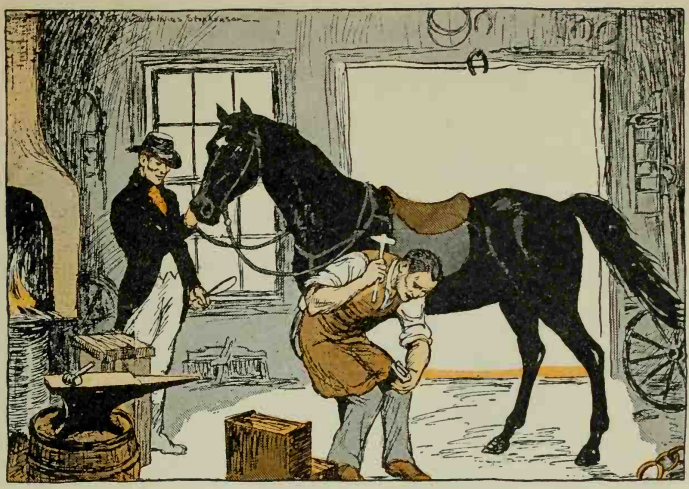
As everyone may not know what breaking in is, I shall describe it. I had, of course, been used to being led about in the fields by a halter. Now, however, I must have a bit and a bridle.

My master gave me some oats, as usual, and after much coaxing he put the bit in my mouth and the bridle on my head. It was most unpleasant.

A great piece of cold, hard steel was pushed into my mouth, between my teeth and over my tongue. Then straps were fastened over my nose and under my chin, so that I could not get rid of the hard thing.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, while old Daniel held my head. Then I had a few oats, and he led me about in the field.

This he did every day, until I began to look for the oats and the saddle.



At length, one morning, my master got on my back and rode me around the meadow. It certainly did feel queer, but I was proud to carry my master and soon grew used to the feeling.

After that, I was taken to the blacksmith's to be shod. My master went with me and talked to me so that I should not be frightened. The blacksmith took my feet, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof.

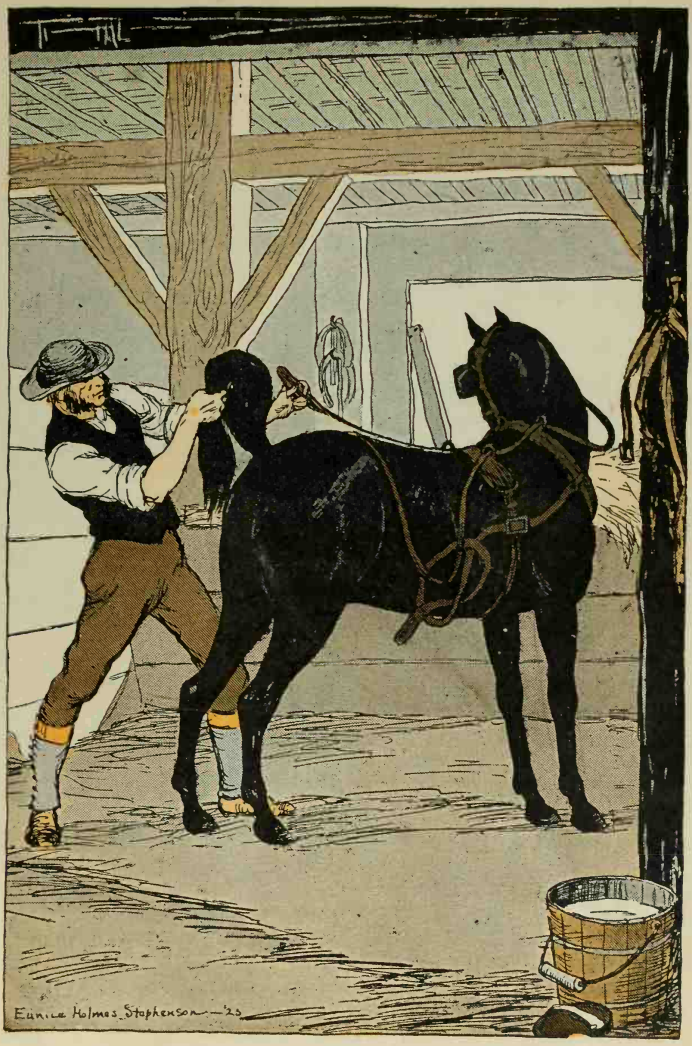
The cutting did not hurt at all. I stood on three legs and let the smith hold one foot in his hand. Then he took the heavy iron shoes and nailed them to my feet.

That did not hurt either, but the shoes made my feet feel very stiff and heavy. Later I found that these shoes kept my feet from being hurt by the stony roads.

When my master was ready to teach me to draw the carriage, there were more new things to wear. I shall not name all of them.

The worst of these was the stiff little strap called the crupper. That went under my tail. I hated it. To have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was as bad as the bit.

In time I became used to everything and could do my work as well as my mother. In fact, my master often drove me in double harness with my mother. She was steady and could teach me much.


TAIL
Eunice Holmes Stephenson '23

I must not forget one important part of my training. My master sent me for two weeks to a meadow near a railroad track. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in among them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly when I heard a strange sound. Before I knew it, a long, black train flew by. I turned and galloped to the other side of the meadow and stood there snorting with fear. The cows, however, went on eating and hardly raised their heads.

For the first few days I could not eat in peace because of these trains. Later I found that they never came into the fields or hurt me in any way. Then I was less frightened, and soon I paid no more attention than the cows did.

As the days passed, I grew more and more used to my work. My coat was brushed every day until it shone like satin, and my mane and tail were smooth and clean.

At last, early in May, Squire Gordon sent a man to bring me to the Hall. My master came to the stable to say good-by. I put my nose in his hand, and he patted my neck.

"Good-by," he said. "Be a good horse and always do your best."

Then I was led out of the stable and away from my first home.

A NIGHT RIDE

One night I had eaten my hay and was lying on my straw asleep. Suddenly I was roused by the stable bell, ringing very loud. I heard John's door open and the sound of his feet running to the Hall.

He was back again in no time. He unlocked the stable door and came in, calling out, "Wake up, Beauty! You must go now, if ever you did."

Almost before I could think, he had the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head. He ran for his coat and took me at a quick trot to the Hall door. The Squire stood there, with a lamp in his hand.

"Now, John," he said, "ride for your life —that is, for the life of your mistress. Give this note to Dr. White, and be back as soon as you can."

John said "Yes, sir," and was on my back in an instant.

The gardener, who lived near the gate, had heard the bell ring. He had the gate open, and away we went, through the park and the village, till we came to the tollgate.

John called very loud and thumped on the door. The man was soon out and flung open the gate.

"Now," said John, "keep the gate open for the doctor. Here is the money."

There lay before us a long piece of level road. John said to me, "Now Beauty, do your best," and so I did. I wanted no whip nor spur. For two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground.

When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck. He would have let me go slower, but I was off again as fast as before. On and on we went, until, at the end of eight miles, we came to the town.

It was all quite still, except for the clatter of my feet on the stones Everybody was asleep The church clock struck three as we drew up at Dr. White's door.

John rang the bell twice and then knocked at the door like thunder. A window was thrown up, and Dr. White put his head out. "What do you want?" he called

"Mrs. Gordon is very sick. Master thinks she will die if you cannot get there. Here is a note."

The doctor shut the window and was soon at the door.

"The worst of it is that my horse has been out all day and is very tired," he said. "Can I have your horse?"

"He has come at a gallop nearly all the way, sir, but I think my master would be willing," said John.

"All right," said the doctor. "I will soon be ready."

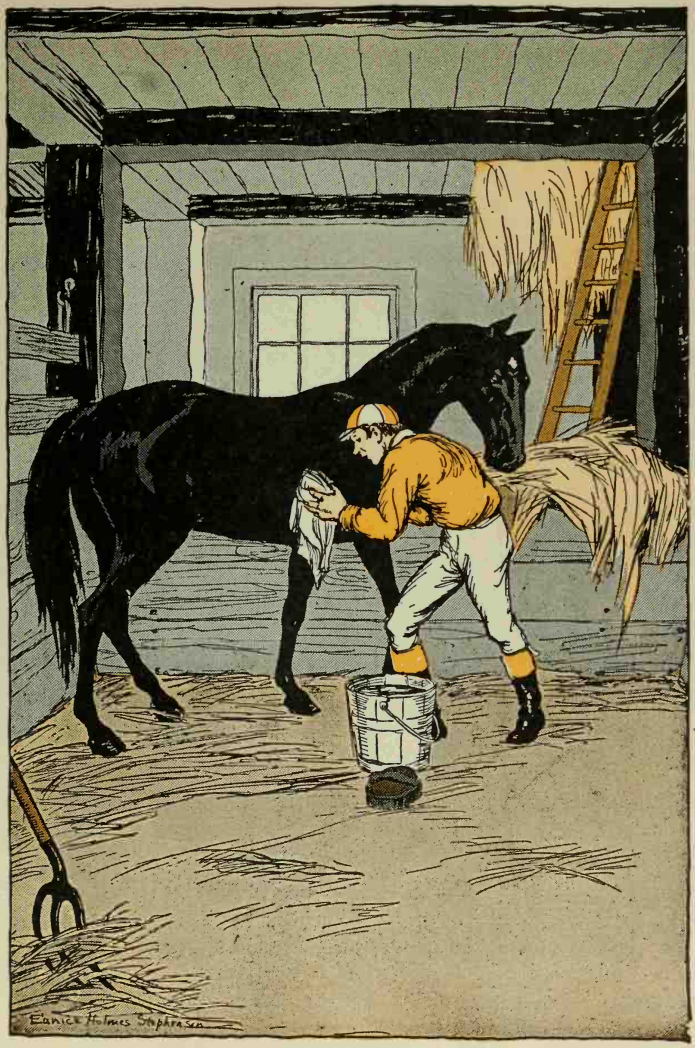
I shall not tell you about our way back. The doctor was a heavier man than John, and not so good a rider. However, I did my best. The man at the tollgate had it open, and soon we were in the park.

My master was at the Hall door, for he had heard us coming. The doctor went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable.

I was glad to get home. My legs shook under me, and I could only stand and pant. Joe was young and as yet knew little about horses. I am sure he did the best he knew.

He rubbed my legs and chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me. He thought I was so hot I should not like it. Then he gave me cold water and some hay and corn. Thinking he had done right, he went away.

Soon I began to shake and tremble with cold. Oh, how I wished for my warm cloth! I wished for John, too, but he had eight miles to walk.


Eunice Holmes Shepard

After a long while I heard him at the door, and I gave a low moan.

He was at my side in a moment. I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to understand. He covered me with two or three warm cloths and then ran to the house for hot water. He made me some warm gruel, which I drank, and after that I think I must have gone to sleep.

I do not know how long I was ill. Mr. Bond, the horse doctor, came every day.

I did not see Joe for several days after that, but John did everything that he could for me. He would get up two or three times in the night to come to me.

My master, too, often came to see me.

"You saved your mistress's life, Beauty," he said one day. "Yes, you saved her life."

I was very glad indeed to hear that. It seems the doctor had said that if we had been a little later my mistress would have died.

WHERE they were BOATS?

Dark brown could think
    Golden is ey intend
It flows along chose
    With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a floating,
    Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a boating —
    Where will all come home?

On goes the river
    And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
    Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
    A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
    Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CINDERELLA

Once upon a time there was a proud, selfish woman who had three daughters. The youngest was prettier than her sisters, and they were jealous of her beauty. They made her do all the housework, while they went to parties.

The girl washed the dishes and swept the floors. She tended the fire and fed the parrot whose cage hung by the kitchen window. She spent so much time among the ashes and cinders that her sisters called her Cinderella.

Now it happened that the king was to give a ball in honor of the young prince. Cinderella's mother and sisters were invited, but of course no one thought of Cinderella.

How pleased they were to receive the invitation! They could think of nothing but the fine clothes they intended to wear.

The oldest sister chose a pink silk gown. "I shall wear my pink satin cloak trimmed with swansdown," said she.

"I shall wear green velvet with my beautiful diamonds," said the second.

On the night of the ball Cinderella helped her sisters to dress.

"Do you not wish you were going to the ball?" said one of them.

"Yes, indeed," sighed Cinderella, but her sisters only laughed.

Cinderella watched them from the kitchen window as the three drove away in their fine carriage. Then she sat down by the fire and began to cry.

"Why are you crying, Cinderella?" asked some one gently.

Cinderella looked up, and there stood her fairy godmother.

"What is it, child? Did you wish to go to the ball?"

"Yes," sobbed Cinderella.

"Stop crying, and you shall go," said her godmother.

"Run out into the garden and bring me the largest pumpkin that you can find."

Cinderella could not think how a pumpkin could help her, but she obeyed.

The fairy godmother scooped out the inside of the pumpkin, leaving only the rind. She carried it to the kitchen door and touched the rind with her wand. Instantly it became a great coach covered with gold.

"Now bring the mousetrap from the cellar," the fairy godmother said.

There were six mice in the mousetrap. The fairy godmother lifted the door, and with her wand she touched each mouse as it ran out. The mice turned into six beautiful white horses for the coach. They even had harness on their backs.

RHODA·CAMPBELL·CHASE

"Now see what you find in the rat trap," said the godmother. "You must have some one to drive your fine carriage."

The rat trap contained three big gray rats. At a touch of the wand they were changed into a coachman and two tall footmen. They stepped up to the coach as if they had never seen a rat trap in their lives.

While Cinderella stood looking at the wonderful coach, she too felt a touch of the wand. Her rags disappeared, and she stood there dressed from head to foot in white satin, with pearls around her neck and in her hair.

"Now you may go to the ball, but you must come home before midnight," said the fairy godmother.

"If you stay until the clock strikes twelve, your gay coach will be a pumpkin, and your beautiful dress will be only rags"

Cinderella stepped into the coach. A few minutes later the white horses dashed into the courtyard of the palace.

As Cinderella entered the ballroom, the prince hastened to meet her.

"Never," said he to himself, "have I seen anyone so lovely!"

He would dance with no one else.

The evening passed like a pleasant dream. Suddenly Cinderella heard the clock chime three quarters past eleven. She at once said good night to the Prince and was soon on her way home.

When she reached the door, she found her godmother waiting to hear about the ball.

"Oh, godmother!" cried Cinderella. "The prince has invited me to attend the ball to be given to-morrow night. May I go?"

"Certainly you shall go, my child," said the fairy godmother.

Just then the mother and sisters returned, and the fairy godmother disappeared. They found Cinderella sitting by the kitchen fire in her rags.

"Do you not wish you had been at the ball?" asked the proud sisters. "There was a wonderful princess there. The prince would dance with no one else."

"Who was she?" asked Cinderella.

"That we cannot say," answered the older sister. "She would not tell her name, though the prince begged her to do so."

The next night, as soon as the mother and sisters had gone, the fairy came.

Once more, at a touch of her wand, the pumpkin became a coach; the mice became horses; and the coachman and footmen came out of the rat trap.

This time Cinderella's dress was made of silver cloth covered with rubies.

"Whatever you do, remember to leave before the clock strikes twelve," said the fairy godmother as Cinderella drove away.

When Cinderella arrived at the palace, the prince met her at the door. Again he would dance with no one else.

Cinderella was very happy. The hours passed swiftly, but she left the palace before the clock struck twelve.

The king gave another ball the third night. This time Cinderella's dress was cloth of gold with many diamonds. On her feet were tiny glass slippers.

All went very well for a time, but Cinderella was so happy that she forgot the warning of her fairy godmother.

Suddenly the clock began to strike twelve.

With a cry of alarm she fled from the ballroom, dropping one of her glass slippers in her haste.

The prince hurried after her, but by the time he had reached the courtyard, she had disappeared.

"Did a beautiful princess pass this way?" he asked the guard at the gate.

"No, Your Highness," said the guard. "We have seen only a little kitchen maid, who ran through the yard a few minutes ago."

The prince returned to the ballroom, picking up the little glass slipper as he passed. He danced no more that evening.

Next morning the king's messenger passed through the town.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" he cried. "The king has commanded that every maiden in the town shall try this glass slipper. The prince will marry the one whose foot this slipper fits."

With the messenger was a little page, who carried the slipper on a velvet cushion.

Behind them came the prince with all his attendants.

At last the procession arrived at the home of Cinderella. When the mother and sisters saw the prince coming, they hid Cinderella under a tub in the kitchen. Then they went to the door to meet the prince.

The oldest daughter was the first to try the slipper. Her foot was much too long.

"You can cut off the toes," said the mother, but the messenger shook his head.

The second daughter tried next. Her foot was too fat.

RHODA. CAMPBELL. CHASE.

"You can pare off the side," said the mother, but the messenger only laughed.

"Is there no other maiden here?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said the mother, "only a little kitchen maid, and it would never fit her."

"She must try it," said the messenger. "Those are the king's orders."

The mother and daughters looked at each other. They did not want to tell where they had hidden Cinderella.

"Under the tub! Under the tub! Under the tub!" screamed the parrot from his cage.

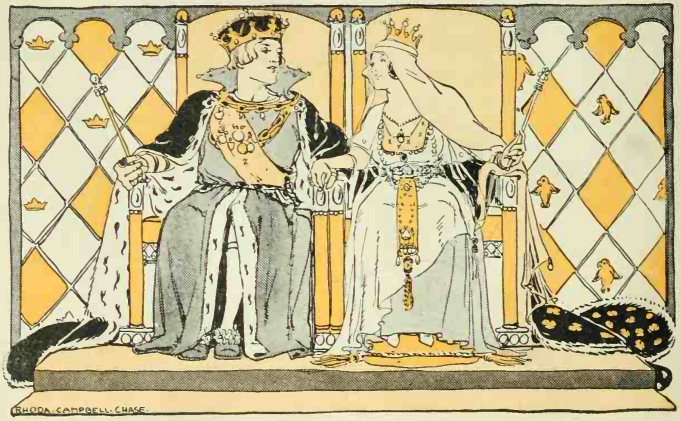
The prince himself lifted the tub. Crouching under it sat Cinderella. The messenger knelt and put the little glass slipper on her foot. It fitted perfectly.

Then Cinderella drew the other slipper from her pocket and put it on her other foot. She rose to her feet, and as she did so, her rags disappeared. There she stood, dressed in the gold and diamond dress she had worn the night before.

Then the prince knew that Cinderella was indeed the lovely maiden for whom he had been searching. He took her to the palace at once, and they were married that very day.

As for the other sisters, they were invited to the wedding, but they were ashamed to go. They took all their fine dresses and jewels and rode away in their carriage. No one ever heard of them again, and no one cared.

Cinderella, however, never forgot the days when she sat in the ashes and the godmother who sent her to the prince's ball.



MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

Robins in the tree top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a growing
Everywhere you pass;

Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;

Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch, —
Don't you think that Maytime's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
    Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
    Soft cheeks to the sun;

Roses faint with sweetness,
    Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
    Haunting every place;

Lengths of golden sunshine,
    Moonlight bright as day, —
Don't you think that summer's
    Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn path,
    Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth side,
    Romping with the tongs;

Chestnuts in the ashes,
    Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
    Rustling down the wind;

Mother "doin' peaches"
    All the afternoon, —
Don't you think that autumn's
    Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?

Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
Tinkling through the snow;

Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy's got the ball),—
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE BROWNIE AND THE COOK

There was once a little Brownie, who lived — where do you think he lived? — in a coal cellar! He lived under one particular coal, in the darkest corner of the cellar and this lump was never allowed to be moved.

Ever since the family could remember, there had always been a bowl of milk put behind the cellar door for the Brownie's supper. Perhaps he drank it—perhaps he didn't. Anyhow the bowl was always empty next morning.

The old Cook had never once forgotten to give the Brownie his supper, but at last she died and a young Cook came. The new Cook was careless and lazy and disliked the trouble of putting a bowl of milk in the same place every night.

She laughed at the other servants, who put the bowl of milk in its place as often as they could without saying much about it.

Those were sad days in the kitchen.

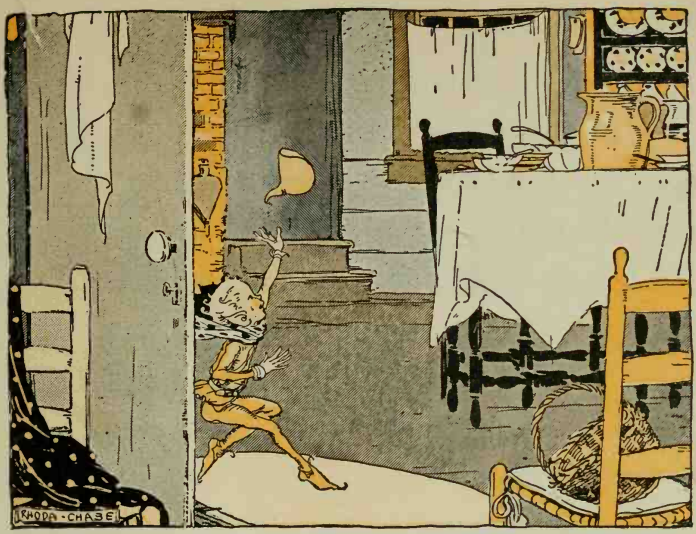
Once, when the Brownie woke at ten o'clock at night and looked for his supper, he found nothing there. He went smelling and smelling about for his milk, but in vain.

"This will never do!" said he. Being extremely hungry, he began running about the coal cellar to see what he could find.

There was nothing to be seen, not even a potato paring or a well-gnawed bone, such as the terrier sometimes brought into the cellar. There was nothing but heaps of coals and coal dust, and even a Brownie cannot eat that, you know.

"I can't stand this!" said the Brownie, tightening his belt to make himself feel less empty. "Since no one brings my supper, I must go and fetch it."

There was not even a cricket singing in the house when Brownie put his head out of the coal-cellar door, which, to his surprise, he found open.



"Hurrah!" cried Brownie, tossing his cap in the air and bounding out into the kitchen

It was quite empty, but there was a good fire and the remains of a supper on the table —enough for half a dozen people.

Would you like to know what there was? There was junket, bread and butter, cheese half an apple pudding, a jug of cider and another of milk, and no end of dirty dishes. The servants had left the table without putting anything away.

Brownie screwed up his face, and turned up his button of a nose, and gave a long whistle. You might not believe it, seeing he lived in a coal cellar, but he liked tidiness and always played his pranks on disorderly folk.

"Whew!" said he. "What a supper I shall get now!"

He jumped to the table, but so quietly that the black cat, called Muff, just opened one eye and went to sleep again.

Brownie had no notion of going to sleep. He wanted his supper, and oh! what a supper he did eat! And oh! what a lot he drank!—first milk, and then cider, and then the two mixed together in a way that would have disagreed with anybody except a Brownie. He slackened his belt several times, and at last took it off altogether.

After he had nearly cleared the table, he was as lively as ever and began jumping about on the table as if he had had no supper at all.

His jumping was a little awkward, for there happened to be a clean white tablecloth. You know Brownie lived in a coal cellar, and his feet were black with coal dust. At last the whole tablecloth was covered with his black footprints.

In fact, he took great pains to make the cloth as dirty as possible. Then he leaped to the hearth and began teasing the cat.

He disturbed poor Muff so much that she went and hid in the farthest corner. After that Brownie lay comfortably on the hearth until daybreak.

Then, hearing a slight noise overhead, which might be Cook getting up, he jumped on the table again. He gobbled the few remaining crumbs for his breakfast and scampered off to his coal cellar.

Then he hid himself under his big coal and fell asleep for the day.

The Cook came downstairs early, to clear off the remains of the supper; but, lo and behold, there was nothing to clear!

Every scrap of food was eaten up. The cheese looked as if a dozen mice had been nibbling at it. The milk and cider were quite gone. As for the pudding, the dish was licked as clean as if the dog had been at it.

"And my clean white tablecloth!" she cried. "Oh, my clean white tablecloth! What can have happened to it?" All over it were little black footmarks, just the size of a baby's foot. Babies, however, do not climb on the kitchen table after the family have gone to bed.

Cook was a little frightened, but her fright was changed to anger when she saw the cat on the hearth.

"You nasty cat! You have been on my clean tablecloth with your dirty paws."

They were white paws and as clean as could be. Cook did not think of that, nor of the fact that cats do not usually drink cider and eat apple pudding.

"I'll teach you to come steal food in this way. Take that—and that!"

Cook got hold of a broom and beat poor Muff until the creature ran mewing away. She could not speak and tell people that it was the Brownie who had done it all.

THE COOK CHANGES HER MIND

Next night Cook thought she would make all safe and sure. Instead of letting the cat sleep by the fire, she shut her up in the chilly coal cellar. Then she locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went off to bed, leaving the supper as before.

When Brownie woke up and looked out of his hole, there was no supper for him and the cellar door was shut. He tried to find a crack to creep through, but there was none.

He felt so very hungry that he could almost have eaten the cat, who was walking up and down—only she was alive. He could not well eat her alive. Besides she was old and might be tough.

Something must be done. He thought he would change himself into a mouse and gnaw a hole through the door. Then he suddenly remembered that the cat might seize this opportunity to eat him.

He must wait until she was asleep, but that did not happen for some time. At length Muff got tired of walking about. She turned around on her tail six times, curled down in a corner, and fell fast asleep.

Immediately Brownie changed himself into the smallest mouse possible. Taking care not to make the least noise, he gnawed a hole in the door and squeezed himself through, into the kitchen. Then he turned into his proper shape again, and looked about him.

The firelight showed a better supper than last night. There was food enough for at least three Brownies, but this one managed to eat it all.

Once, in trying to cut a slice of beef, he let the carving knife fall. There was such a clatter that the terrier tied at the foot of the stairs began to bark furiously. However, the Brownie brought her puppy to her, and so he succeeded in quieting her.

After that he enjoyed himself amazingly and made more marks than ever on the white tablecloth, for he jumped around to make his large supper agree with him.

In the absence of the cat he teased the puppy, until, hearing the clock strike five, he thought it well to turn into a mouse again and creep back into his cellar.

He was barely in time, for Muff opened one eye and was just going to pounce on him when he changed back into a Brownie.

She was so startled that she bounded away with her tail twice its natural size.

When Cook came downstairs, she saw that the same thing had happened again. Once more the supper was eaten, and the tablecloth was blacker than ever with those footmarks. She was greatly puzzled.

Who could have done this? Not the cat, who came mewing out of the coal cellar when the door was unlocked! Not a rat!

"It must have been the terrier or her puppy," said the Cook.

As she spoke, she stumbled over the puppy's basket, and the puppy rolled out on the floor.

"You little wretch! You and your mother are a nuisance. I'll punish you!" she cried.

She forgot that the terrier had been tied all night, and that the poor little puppy was so fat and helpless it could hardly stand on its legs, to say nothing of jumping on a table.

She gave both of them such a thrashing that they ran howling out of the kitchen door. Then the kind little kitchen maid took them up in her arms.

"You should have beaten the Brownie if you could catch him," she said in a whisper. "He will do it again and again. You will see. He can't bear an untidy kitchen.

"You should do as the old Cook did, and put the supper things away. Also, if I were you, I would put a bowl of milk behind the coal-cellar door," she added.

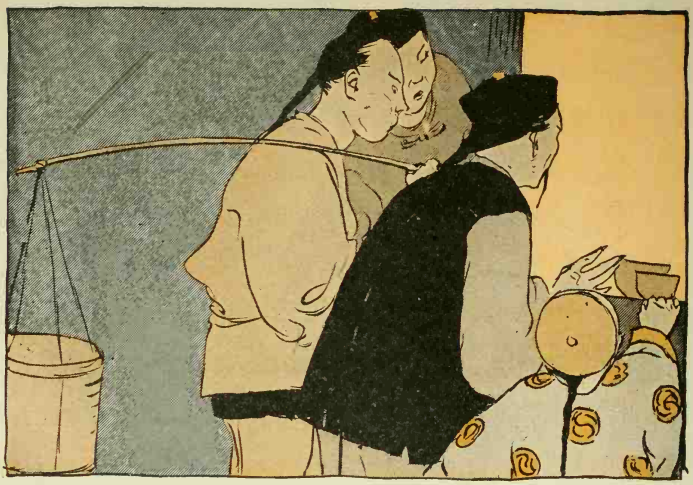
"Nonsense!" answered the young Cook, and bounced away.

Afterwards she thought better of it and did as she was advised. She grumbled all the time, but she did it.

Next morning the milk was gone. Perhaps the Brownie drank it. Anyhow, nobody could say that he did not. As for the supper, that was put away and no one touched it.

The tablecloth, which was wrapped up and put in the drawer, came out as clean as ever. There was not a single black footmark on it.

Since no mischief was done, the cat and the dog both escaped beating. As for the Brownie, he played no more tricks on anyone — till the next time.



THE EMPEROR'S NEW ROBE

Many years ago there lived an Emperor who was so fond of new clothes that he spent all his money for them. He had a different suit for every hour in the day and spent most of his time in his wardrobe.

One day two rogues came to the palace. They told the guards that they were weavers and could make a wonderful new cloth. No one had ever made such cloth before.

Not only was it very beautiful but there was magic in it. A robe made of this stuff was invisible to anyone who was unfit for the office he held.

"Excellent!" thought the Emperor. "If I have a robe like that, I can tell which men are fit for their places. I must certainly have it made at once."

He gave the two rogues a large sum of money and ordered them to begin work.

They put up two looms and demanded fine silk and pure gold thread with which to work. Both of these, however, went into their bags, and the men worked till late at night at the empty looms.

"I wonder how much cloth they have woven," said the Emperor to himself. Then he remembered that no one unfit for his office could even see the magic cloth.

"I shall send my honest old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor.

The good old Minister went to the house where the rogues sat before the empty looms.

"See how beautiful it is!" cried the rogues when they saw him. "Come nearer, that you may note the colors and the pattern."

"Mercy on us!" thought the poor old man. He went slowly nearer and nearer to the empty loom.

"I can see nothing," he said to himself, "but I must not say so. People would think I was not fit for my office."

"Have you nothing at all to say about the cloth?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, yes! It is charming! Very unusual! I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it," said the Minister, nodding his head.

"We are glad to hear that," said both the weavers. Then they asked for more silk and gold thread, which they said they needed.

A few days later the Emperor sent another nobleman to see the cloth. He looked and looked, but of course there was nothing to be seen.

"This is dreadful!" thought the man. "Am I unfit for my office? I must not let anyone know it."

"Is it not a beautiful piece of cloth?" asked the rogues.

HASKELL WRIGHT

"Oh, very!" said the nobleman. Then he went home and described the wonderful cloth to the Emperor.

At last the Emperor himself wished to visit the weavers. He went with the two noblemen and several other members of the court. They found the two rogues working busily at their empty looms.

"Is it not splendid?" said the men who had been there before. "Does Your Majesty note the unusual pattern and colors?"

"Alas!" thought the Emperor, "I can see nothing at all. This is terrible! Am I unfit to be an Emperor? This is the most dreadful thing that could happen to me."

"Oh, it is very beautiful!" he said, for he would not say that he could see nothing.

All the men with him said the same thing. They begged the Emperor to wear the splendid new robe in the great procession which was soon to take place.

The night before the procession, the rogues sat up late and worked by the light of sixteen candles. Through the windows, people could see them completing the robe.

They pretended to take the cloth from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with no thread in their needles; and at last they said, "Now the robe is ready for the procession!"

They had not long to wait before the Emperor himself came with his noblemen and officers. When he entered the room the rogues bowed low. Then one of them lifted his arms as if he were holding up a long robe.

"Will Your Majesty take off your cloak?" he said to the Emperor. "Then we will put on the new robe here in front of the mirror."

The Emperor took off his cloak, and the rogues pretended to put the new garment on his shoulders.

"It is so light and fine that Your Majesty can scarcely feel its weight," said they.

"Exactly so!" said the Emperor, and he turned around before the mirror.

"How becoming!" said all the noblemen. "What a pattern! What colors! This *is* a splendid robe!"

"Does it really fit?" asked the Emperor; and he turned once more to the mirror as if to admire himself.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

The two noblemen who were to carry the train stooped down to the floor to pick up the mantle. Then they pretended that they were holding something in the air.

In this manner the Emperor passed out of the house and walked in the procession with a gold canopy over his head.

"How beautiful the new robe is! See the gorgeous train! How well it fits!" cried the people in the streets.

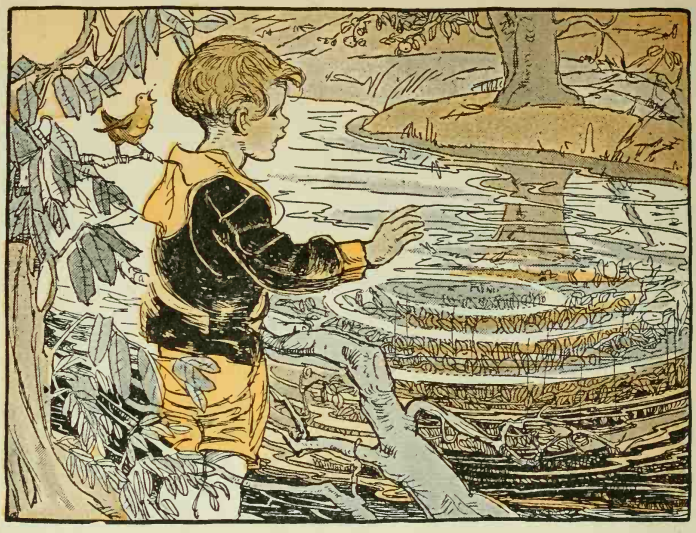
"But he has no robe on!" a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father.

"But he has no robe on!" exclaimed all the people at length.

The Emperor heard them, and he knew they were right, but he had to go through with the procession.

He held his head a little higher, and even his nobles still pretended to carry the train which was not there at all.



BEYOND THE BROOK

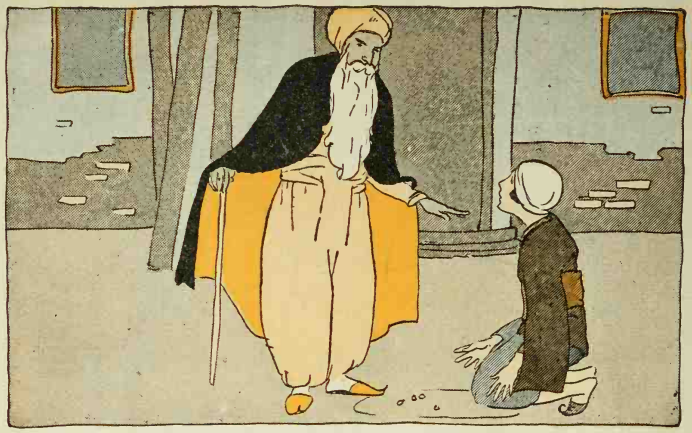
There's a brook in the meadow back of the house,
A brook that is deep and wide —
So wide that I know I never can cross,
And play on the other side.

The sun always shines on the other bank,
And the grass is soft and green;
I know that the apples that grow on those trees
Are the sweetest that ever were seen.

The children who live there may play all day,
And they always have cakes for tea.
I never have been there, but this is true,
For a little bird told it to me.

So I wish that I were a giant tall,
And traveled a mile at a stride;
Then I'd cross the brook, and see for myself
What lies on the other side.

MARGARET J. McELROY.



ALADDIN'S LAMP

Aladdin was a poor boy who lived in a city of Persia. His mother was a widow, who supported herself by weaving mats.

One day while Aladdin was playing in the street, he noticed a man watching him. When the game ended, the man beckoned Aladdin to come to him.

"What is your name, my boy?" asked the man, who was a magician.

"My name is Aladdin," answered the boy. He wondered who the stranger was.

"What is your father's name?" As he spoke, the magician laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"My father was Mustapha the tailor, but he died when I was only two years of age," replied Aladdin.

"Alas!" cried the magician, pretending to weep. "He was my brother, and you must be my nephew."

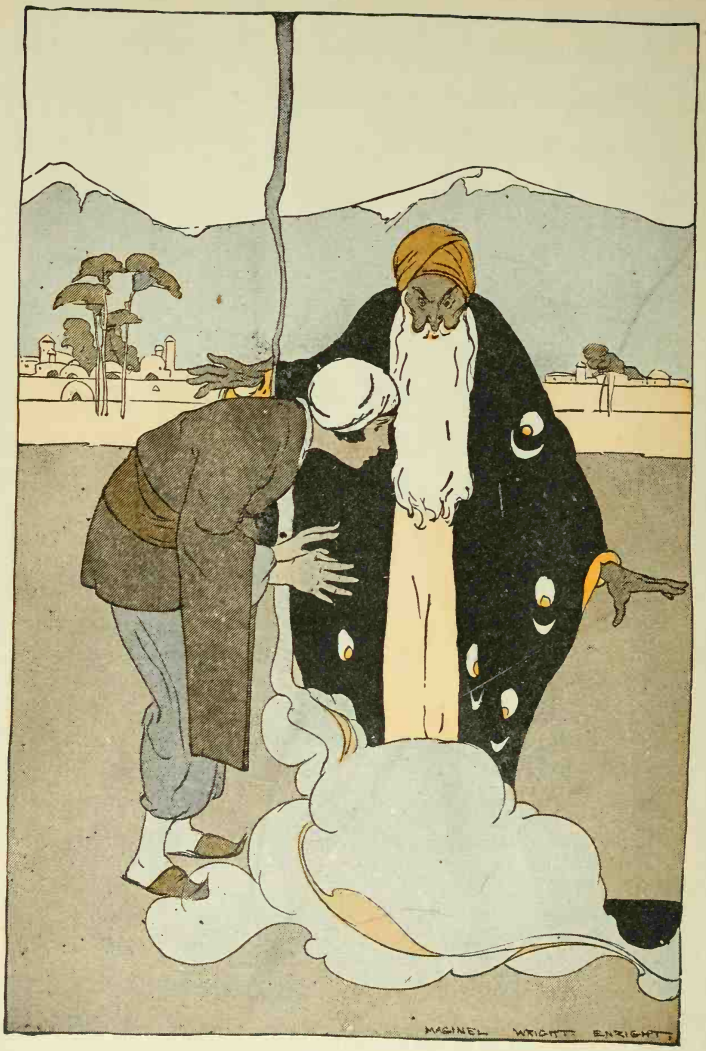
Then he embraced Aladdin and gave him five gold coins, saying, "Come with me, and I will show you something wonderful."

They walked from the city far out into the open country. As they went, the magician told Aladdin such strange stories that the boy did not notice how far they had gone.

At last they reached a valley between two mountains.

The magician stood still for a moment and looked about him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "This is the very place for which I have been searching. Gather some sticks. I will kindle a fire."


MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

Soon the fire was burning brightly. The magician took a powder from his girdle. He mumbled strange words as he sprinkled it upon the flames.

In an instant, the earth beneath their feet trembled, and they heard a rumbling sound like thunder.

Then the ground opened in front of them. There lay a large, flat stone with a brass ring fastened to the top.

"Boy," said the magician, "a great treasure lies beneath this stone. Obey me, and it will soon be ours. Grasp that brass ring with your right hand. Then pull."

Aladdin did as he was told and easily lifted the stone. Below it lay a long flight of steps leading into the ground.

"Now," said the magician, "go down these steps, and you will come to three long halls. Pass through them, but be careful to touch nothing, not even the walls; for if you do, you will surely die."

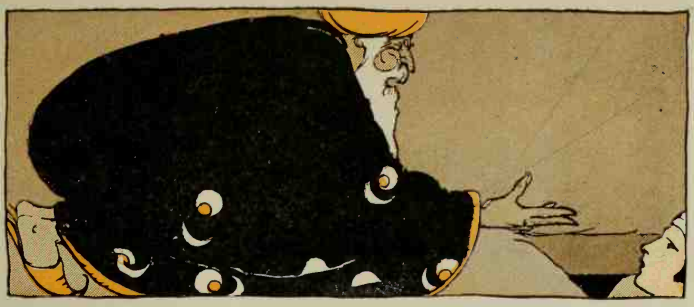
"When you have passed through the halls, you will reach a garden of fruit trees. In a niche in the garden wall, you will see a lighted lamp. Put out the light, pour the oil from the bowl, and bring the lamp to me."

Then the magician put a magic ring on Aladdin's finger to guard him, and Aladdin started down the stairs.

He found everything just exactly as the magician had said. He passed through the halls and the garden till he found the curious lamp. When he had poured out the oil and placed the lamp inside his coat, he began to look about him.

Upon the trees were fruits of every color. Some were clear as crystal, and others were red, green, blue, or purple. All sparkled in the light. The leaves of the trees were made of silver and gold.

Aladdin filled his pockets with the fruit as he passed through the garden.



The magician was kneeling at the top of the steps when Aladdin began to climb them.

"Give the lamp to me," he cried, holding out his hand.

"Wait until I reach the top of the steps," Aladdin answered.

"Hand the lamp to me at once!" screamed the magician.

"Not until I am out," replied Aladdin.

In a rage the magician rushed to the fire. He threw in more of the powder and muttered the strange words once more.

Instantly the stone slipped back into its place. The earth closed over it, and Aladdin was left in darkness.

Poor Aladdin! He could find no way of escape. At last, as he clasped his hands in despair, he happened to rub the magic ring which the magician had placed on his finger.

Instantly a Genie rose out of the earth.

"What is thy will, my master?" asked the Genie. "I am the Slave of the Ring, and I serve the one who wears it."

"Help me out of this place!" cried Aladdin.

As he spoke these words, the earth opened, and Aladdin found himself in his mother's house. He emptied his pockets and laid their contents on the table. His mother was much surprised when she saw the strange fruit.

"Where did you get those stones and that curious old lamp?" she cried.

"I will tell you all about it," said her son, "but first give me something to eat. I am very hungry."

"Alas!" said the mother. "I have neither money nor food."

"Sell the old lamp, then," said Aladdin.

"It would bring a higher price if it were clean and bright," replied his mother, and she began to rub the lamp.

No sooner had she given the first rub than a great Genie appeared.

"What is thy will?" asked the Genie. "I am the Slave of the Lamp. I serve the one who holds it."

Aladdin's mother was so frightened that she dropped the lamp. Aladdin caught it and answered, "Bring me something to eat."

The Slave of the Lamp disappeared. He returned instantly, bringing a breakfast served on plates of gold. Aladdin had never tasted such food before.

"Ah, ha!" thought he. "No wonder my uncle was anxious to have this lamp. It can bring me whatever I wish."

For a time Aladdin and his mother were happy and contented.

WHAT THE LAMP BROUGHT

One day the Sultan ordered all the people to stay at home and close their shutters, while his daughter, the Princess, passed by on her way to the bath.

Aladdin stayed at home and closed his shutters, but he peeped through them as the Princess was passing. The Princess raised her veil just then, and Aladdin saw her face.

The moment he saw her, he loved her with all his heart.

"Mother, mother!" he cried. "I have seen the Princess, and I have made up my mind to marry her. Go at once to the Sultan and beg him to give his daughter to me."

"What?" cried his mother. "You are mad. I cannot go to the Sultan."

"Nay, you *must* go," said Aladdin. "Carry him this basin filled with magic fruit. Then he will listen to you."

His mother obeyed him and went to the palace at once. She waited patiently but no one even spoke to her.

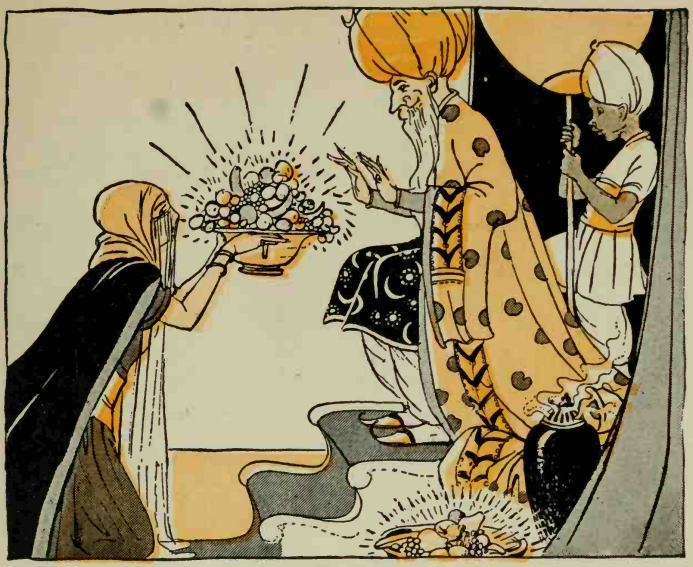
She went every day for a week, before the Sultan noticed that she was there.

"Who is the poor woman who comes here every day?" he asked. "Bring her forward, I wish to speak to her."

Aladdin's mother knelt before the throne and told the Sultan of her son's love for the Princess. "He sends you this gift of fruit," she continued, presenting the basin.

"Fruit!" exclaimed the Sultan. "These are diamonds and rubies and sapphires! This is a present worthy of my daughter. I can easily give her to the one who sends such a gift."

Then the Sultan told Aladdin's mother to return in three months' time, and he would give the Princess in marriage to her son.



When the time had passed, Aladdin again sent his mother to the Sultan.

"I shall keep my word," said the Sultan, "but he who marries my daughter must first send me forty golden basins. The basins must be filled with jewels like those you brought before.

"They must be brought to me by forty black slaves led by forty white ones."

Aladdin's mother returned home.

"You never can send the gift which the Sultan asks," she cried.

"Indeed I can, mother," answered Aladdin.

Then he rubbed the lamp. When the Genie appeared, Aladdin told him to provide the forty golden basins filled with jewels, and the eighty slaves.

There was a great procession to the palace and the jewels were presented to the Sultan.

He was so happy that he wished Aladdin to marry the Princess without delay.

"Go and tell your son that he may wed my daughter this very day," he cried. Aladdin's mother bowed before the throne and retired.

Aladdin was delighted to hear the news.

He ordered the Genie to bring a purple robe for him to wear; a white horse for him to ride upon; twenty slaves to attend him; seven slaves to attend his mother; and ten thousand gold pieces to give to the people.

MAGINEL WRIGHT BARRETT

At last everything was prepared. Aladdin, dressed in his purple robe, set out for the palace. As he rode along, he scattered gold coins among the people.

At the palace the Sultan greeted Aladdin joyfully and ordered the wedding feast to be prepared at once.

"Not so, Your Majesty," said Aladdin. "I will not marry the Princess until I have built her a palace."

Then he went home once more and called the Slave of the Lamp.

"Build me the finest palace in the world," ordered Aladdin. "Go! Make haste! Lose no time in obeying me."

When the Sultan looked out of his window next morning, he saw a beautiful palace just across the way.

Within an hour Aladdin and his mother were in the palace, and the wedding took place at once.

HOW ALADDIN LOST HIS LAMP

For a time Aladdin and his Princess lived very happily. Then trouble came to them.

The magician was the cause of it. You will remember that he was very angry when Aladdin refused to give him the lamp. He threw more powder into the fire, and the earth closed over Aladdin's head.

"Now, my lad, we have seen the last of you!" muttered the magician, and he went back to his home in Africa.

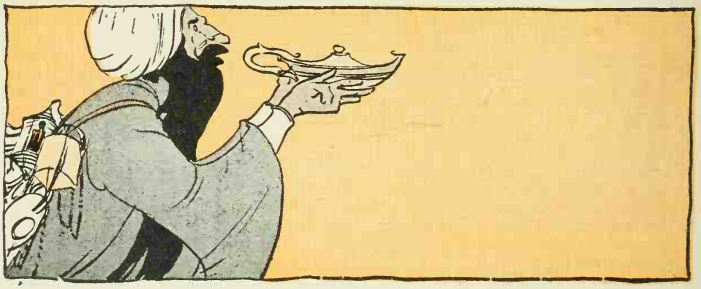
For months he forgot about Aladdin. Then, by means of his magic, he learned that the boy had escaped and was using his lamp to obtain everything he wanted.

"This will never do!" cried the magician. "I must have the lamp for myself."

At once he dressed himself as a merchant and traveled from Africa to Persia with a large caravan.

When he reached the city where Aladdin lived, he walked up and down the streets carrying copper lamps. Everywhere he went, he cried, "New lamps for old!"

Now it happened that Aladdin had gone hunting, and the Princess sat alone near an open window.



She saw the merchant and sent a slave to find out what the man was calling. The slave came back laughing.

He told the Princess that the merchant offered to give new lamps for old ones.

The Princess laughed too, and then she pointed to the old lamp, which stood in a niche of the wall.

"There is an old lamp," she said. "Take it and see if the man really will give you a new one for it."

When the magician saw the lamp, he knew that it was the one for which he was searching. He took the magic lamp eagerly, and gave the slave all the new ones.

Then the magician hurried out of the city. When he was alone, he rubbed the lamp, and the Genie stood before him,

"What is thy will, master?" said he.

"I command thee to carry the Princess and Aladdin's palace to Africa," said the magician.

Instantly the palace disappeared.

The Sultan looked out of his window next morning. No palace was to be seen.

"This must have been done by magic!" the Sultan exclaimed.

He sent his soldiers to bring Aladdin home in chains. They met him riding back from the hunt and carried him to the Sultan.

When Aladdin was allowed to speak, he asked why he was a prisoner.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Sultan. "Come and I will show you."

Then he led Aladdin to the window and showed him that where the palace had been there was only an empty space.

Aladdin begged the Sultan to spare his life and to grant him forty days in which to seek for the Princess.

On this condition, Aladdin was set free. He searched everywhere, but he could find no trace of the Princess.

In despair, he wrung his hands. As he did so, he rubbed the magic ring.

Instantly the Slave of the Ring appeared.

"I am here, master! What is thy will?" asked the Genie.

"Bring back the Princess and the palace," said Aladdin.

"It is not in my power to do that," said the Genie. "Only the Slave of the Lamp can bring back the palace."

"Then take me to the place where the palace now stands and set me down under the window of the Princess."

Almost before Aladdin had finished these words, he found himself in Africa, beneath a window of his own palace.

"Princess! Princess!" called Aladdin.

The Princess opened the window.

With a cry of joy Aladdin entered and embraced her. "Tell me," said he, "what has become of the old lamp that stood in the niche of the wall?"

The Princess shook her head sadly.

"Alas," she said with a sigh. "A man came through the streets crying, 'New lamps for old!' I gave him the lamp that stood in the niche, and the next I knew, I was here."

"That man is a magician. He has always wished to secure the magic lamp," exclaimed Aladdin. "Where is he now?"

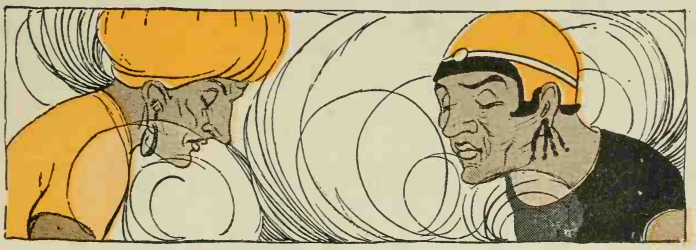
"He is still here," said the Princess. "He carries the lamp in his robes during the day, and he places it under his pillow at night."

That night, while the magician was asleep, Aladdin stole softly into the room and took the lamp from under the pillow. Then he rubbed the lamp, and the Genie appeared.

"I command you to carry the Princess and the palace back to Persia," cried Aladdin.

The following morning the Sultan looked out of the window. To his surprise, he saw the palace of Aladdin, in the very place from which it had disappeared.

After that Aladdin and the Princess lived happily for many years. When the Sultan died, they ruled in his place, and they never forgot to guard both the lamp and the ring.



THE BUILDING OF THE NEST

They'll come again to the apple tree —
Robin and all the rest —
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossom dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well, so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care,
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair,
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

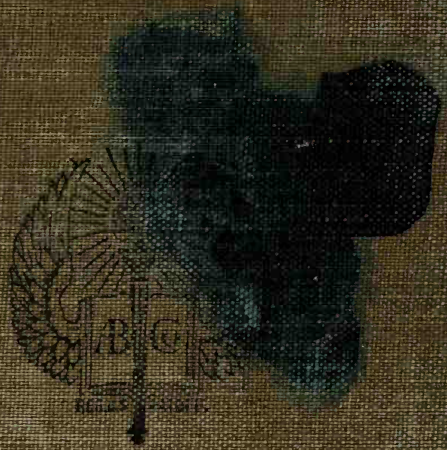
Ah! mother bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadow may darken the dancing rays
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow;
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain,
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

These are the Tales the West Wind told
One night when the World was new.
Lo-here they are written word for word
And bound in a Book for you.

RHODA · CHASE ·

PETERSBURG SCHOOL
DISTRICT NO. 23

101